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The Seed

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SEED

CHICAGO VOL 5 NO 13 35¢



“these bombings are an insane act perpetrated by psychopaths..”

Police Supt. James Conlisk
Oct. 5, 1970

PIC

CITY

POOP

FREE CITY MEETING

The sixth meeting of the Chicago Free Community was held October 5th at the Wob hall. One of the main topics was why no one came to the meeting. Only about 15 people showed up, most of them representatives of other groups and organizations., but that isn't much of a turnout. Where are you, community, have you died, or was it all a myth to begin with? Part of the problem is that the Seed hasn't been announcing the meetings at all lately, but we promise to be good and print the location and the date every issue. Radio Free Chicago also promised to announce the meetings, but they're going to be thrown off the air eventually.

It turns out that everybody's broke and having trouble just staying alive. Free City Exchange is getting evicted, Free City Music keeps getting ripped off, etc. A lot of support is needed if anything is going to survive the winter. Part of the support has to be money, but people are needed just as badly. If you've got some time or some resources you can volunteer, any of the groups we list in the Free City Directory will be glad to see you.

Volume 5, Number 13 of the Chicago Seed (950 W. Wrightwood, 929-0133 or 34)--the last issue of volume 5. But we can't afford to stop and look back at the closed book of the past. There's too much to do.

And so many of us are tired. "Walking down the highway, no where to go." Tired of wondering when the knock on the door will come. Tired of wondering when it will be safe for our friends to walk down the streets. Tired of watching Amerika rape the world.

People split. There's been almost complete turn over in the Seed staff in the last year. Some people want to try other ways of changing things. Others just want to grab a few months or years of living their lives before everything falls apart. People leave the city, people talk about leaving the country.

It will get darker before we see the light at the end of the tunnel. But to turn back now is to plunge ourselves back into night without end.

People who worked on this issue were: Abe, Eliot, Lynda, Diane, Bernie, Fred, Maralee, Mitch, Peter, Dick, David, Rebecca, Maria, Earl, Paul, Lois, Leon, Jerry, Donovan, Denny, Ray, Mike Gold, Gretchen, Jay Lynch, Skip Williamson, LNS, Brother Krug, Penny, Neil, Radio Free Chicago, Jeff's, Alice's, all our street sellers and many, many others.

We are still unable to give free subs to GI's in Viet nam for lack of funds. GI's there who write will still be sent a sample copy. We could use contributions to reinstitute that offer. We also need (desperately) a bookkeeper to replace our present Business Manager who is leaving because of other responsibilities. We also need more street sellers (you can make bread selling the Seed-why not try it?), contributions, bar stools, staplers, press-type, manila envelopes, typewriters, old magazines, stat paper, blue pencils, and other office supplies. Thanx to the outlaws who brought us various supplies for this issue. *AND AN FM RADIO, TOO!*

About a year ago, the Seed published a warning about a head shop on Foster Avenue called "Home". Its owner, one Sol Shapiro, had been known for some time to be a police informer, and people were warned to be extremely careful about doing business with a trick.

After several months of missed connections, the Seedling who wrote the story finally got together with Shapiro to rap. Sol freely admits that his reputation is based in fact—he was the informer responsible for the bust of four people in West Rogers Park a few years ago. However, he also says that tremendous changes in his head and lifestyle have gone down in the intervening four years. He claims that he has done no further business with the police since the bust, and that he wouldn't think of doing any.

The main thing brought to light in the investigation that followed the rap was that the recent stories about Sol were based solely on supposition. At this time, all that should be said is that Sol WAS a trick four years ago. Whether or not his "changes" are all he claims them to be is a matter of personal judgment—decide for yourselves.

Some good things are happening, not all is dark doom and destruction. A Day Care Alliance has been formed, and progress is being made in coordinating day care centers in the city. It's estimated that it would take about two million dollars to set up adequate day care for working mothers alone. That's a lot, but it's important. For more information on the Day Care Alliance, call Cathy Gresher at the IWW, 549-5045.

A Job Co-op has gotten together at the Jane Addams Center,, and they hope to be able to provide some of the jobs freaks have trouble getting. See the Free City Directory for more information.

The use of the IWW hall for community events and services depends on when it can get fixed up and who does it. If people get up and go do it now, we'll have a place to hold concerts, benefits, rallies, and such during the winter.

In view of all the bad dope going around the city, techniques for dealing with the bastards who deal it were discussed, but no real solutions came up. One thing you can do is find out who deals the bad shit and make him/her unwelcome in your neighborhood. Also, let the Seed know what the bad stuff is and what it does so we can print a warning.

Nobody likes meetings — tough. Free City Meetings will be held every Monday at 7:30 at the IWW Hall, 2440 North Lincoln Ave. These meetings are, or should be, very important to building a real Free Community here in Pig City. So, if you've got something to say - good or bad - a project to start, an idea, or anything, come to the meetings. We need each other.

Uncle Martin and Dick

Brian Flanagan came to Chicago last week to kick off his campaign for Sheriff of Cook County. Flanagan and his opponent Dick Elrod had a preliminary bout last October, one which Elrod lost. Flanagan was accused of trying to do nasty things to Elrod, but beat the

rap, and now he's trying to beat him out of an office. Give him hell, Brian.

It promises to be an explosive campaign. Both candidates are known for their strong stands on Law And Order, Crime in the Streets, Gun Control and Narcotics, and neither are inclined to compromise on the issues.

Flanagan and his supporters are gleefully taking advantage of Elrod's unfortunate physical and mental disabilities, making such statements as "At least our candidate can run" and "He can stand on his record". Brian's supporters have charged Elrod with incompetence, saying that he always falls flat on his face when he tries to tackle the big issues.

Elrod considers Flanagan a pain in the neck, and is said to be ignoring Flanagan as a serious opponent. We'll see. Experienced observers of the Chicago Political scene view Elrod as the certain winner. None cared to explain why, as they were all busy registering graves at the time.

This paper is not normally in the habit of endorsing candidates for political office, the last time we took a stand was in '68 for Pigasus. We have been very impressed with Flanagan's strength in the streets, and therefore endorse Brian Flanagan as Candidate for Cook County Sherriffffff. We urge our readers to write in a right on.

(This has been a paid political announcement by Citizens for Carey.)

There's going to be a Peace March. October 31st. Saturday. Noon. Assemble on Wacker Drive. March Down State Street. Get to the Bandshell. Listen to Speeches. Go Home. Be proud of yourself, you've supported Peace. Peace. With a capital P. The Peace Movement, with a capital P and M. The Respectable Peace Movement. Vietnamese and Cambodians and Arabs are dying while the Respectable Peace Movement marches down State Street for what must be the five thousandth time. And they'll STILL be dying when its the Ten Thousandth time. See page 3.

Why are these fellows SMILING?



Could be they've just eaten a whole BUCKETFULL of dead Vietnamese babies.

On the other hand, you can always make a living SELLING THE SEED—you'll make a MINT and help smash the state at the same time! You buy copies for twenty cents each, sell them for thirty-five, and make up to fifteen dollars an hour! We'll even front you papers if you have some ID or property you can leave behind.

Don't waste another minute! Rush down to the palatial Seed Central at 950 W. Wrightwood and HELP SPREAD THE WORD TO THE PEOPLE!

THE CHICAGO POLICEMAN

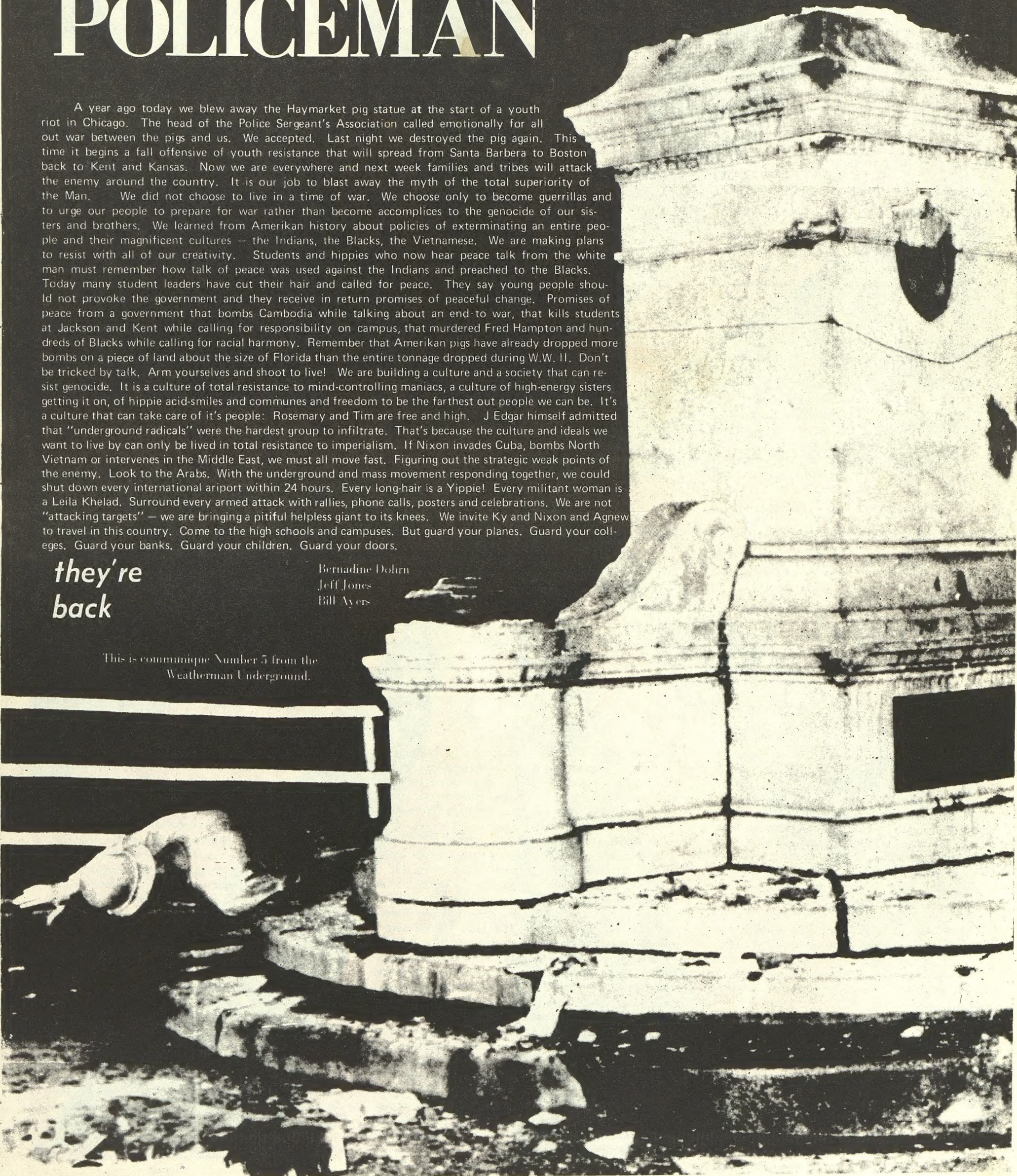
OFFICIAL
MAGAZINE
OF THE
CHICAGO
PATROLMEN'S
ASSOCIATION

A year ago today we blew away the Haymarket pig statue at the start of a youth riot in Chicago. The head of the Police Sergeant's Association called emotionally for all out war between the pigs and us. We accepted. Last night we destroyed the pig again. This time it begins a fall offensive of youth resistance that will spread from Santa Barbera to Boston back to Kent and Kansas. Now we are everywhere and next week families and tribes will attack the enemy around the country. It is our job to blast away the myth of the total superiority of the Man. We did not choose to live in a time of war. We choose only to become guerrillas and to urge our people to prepare for war rather than become accomplices to the genocide of our sisters and brothers. We learned from Amerikan history about policies of exterminating an entire people and their magnificent cultures — the Indians, the Blacks, the Vietnamese. We are making plans to resist with all of our creativity. Students and hippies who now hear peace talk from the white man must remember how talk of peace was used against the Indians and preached to the Blacks. Today many student leaders have cut their hair and called for peace. They say young people should not provoke the government and they receive in return promises of peaceful change. Promises of peace from a government that bombs Cambodia while talking about an end to war, that kills students at Jackson and Kent while calling for responsibility on campus, that murdered Fred Hampton and hundreds of Blacks while calling for racial harmony. Remember that Amerikan pigs have already dropped more bombs on a piece of land about the size of Florida than the entire tonnage dropped during W.W. II. Don't be tricked by talk. Arm yourselves and shoot to live! We are building a culture and a society that can resist genocide. It is a culture of total resistance to mind-controlling maniacs, a culture of high-energy sisters getting it on, of hippie acid-smiles and communes and freedom to be the farthest out people we can be. It's a culture that can take care of it's people: Rosemary and Tim are free and high. J Edgar himself admitted that "underground radicals" were the hardest group to infiltrate. That's because the culture and ideals we want to live by can only be lived in total resistance to imperialism. If Nixon invades Cuba, bombs North Vietnam or intervenes in the Middle East, we must all move fast. Figuring out the strategic weak points of the enemy. Look to the Arabs. With the underground and mass movement responding together, we could shut down every international ariport within 24 hours. Every long-hair is a Yippie! Every militant woman is a Leila Khelad. Surround every armed attack with rallies, phone calls, posters and celebrations. We are not "attacking targets" — we are bringing a pitiful helpless giant to its knees. We invite Ky and Nixon and Agnew to travel in this country. Come to the high schools and campuses. But guard your planes. Guard your colleges. Guard your banks. Guard your children. Guard your doors.

*they're
back*

Bernadine Dohrn
Jeff Jones
Bill Ayers

This is communique Number 5 from the
Weatherman Underground.



Haymarket

Haymaker

I planted the bomb that blew up the Haymarket pig statue. By the time you read this, my friends and I will be far gone from Chicago. We are underground. We are Weathermen.

A year and a half ago, I could never have comprehended the possibility of writing these words — or even more important, of living the kind of life I am. I was in college. I was in SDS. But I wasn't serious then and my involvement in radical politics then stemmed pretty much from ego-oriented, self-centered motives. Revolution was a game; a word. Now it has become a reality, the most important, most all-encompassing thing in my life.

Amerika is the center of a world empire based on the systematic oppression of poor people, mostly Third World. The more I saw and understood of that as a reality in the world, the less and less I could maintain my life on the same level as it had been.

How does one go underground in twentieth century Amerika? Last winter, when it was first being talked about in our collectives, I really didn't understand how it was possible. I thought people were kidding. They weren't. The answer is that there has grown up, over the last five or ten years, a youth culture that reached into every city, town and village in Amerika — a culture of pot and acid, communal living, rock music, opposition to the materialistic values of pig Amerika. This is the sea that we swim in. We are not asked what our names are, where we have come from, what we have done. All that is understood. We are all outlaws, just as those that hide us are. The only difference is that we are being sought more actively by the police.

So far, it's been easy. We travel freely through every major city in the country. Anything we want is always easy to get — money, food, a place to stay, explosives, guns. When we need a ride, there is always someone willing to drive us. When we get sick, there are doctors and nurses who are heads who are only too happy to aid us in their homes.

Blowing up the pig statue was easy. Almost too easy. (It took half the fun out of it.) One of our collectives blew it up last year, just before our National

Action here in Chicago, to give the city a little taste of just what was coming. The pig statue was built but it really wasn't being guarded. We watched. There were pigs around from time to time. But they had pretty regular habits, the kind you could almost psych out on the first day. An hour or two of parking there in the car. Driving by ever twenty minutes. Eating free meals in a nearby restaurant. Having a beer on the sly. Chicago pigs are scared. So are most other pigs right now. They don't want to be on the street longer than they have to. Especially if they are alone.

For three consecutive days, a week before we blew up the statue, we drove through there. We walked through there. We even walked up to one pig and asked him for directions. Which he gave. A big part of being underground and staying safe is being nervy. If you act scared, the jig is up. If you look like you have something to hide, the pig will check it out to make sure. On the other hand, if you can walk right up to him as if you don't have a fear in the world, he won't even think of asking you for your ID. Most pigs are just paid flunkies. They could care less about doing a "good job". Once in a while you run into one, but most of them are really chickenshit down under it — threatened masculinity.

As a woman, I understand that very well. No matter how freaky I look, pigs still have a certain air of courtesy towards me that they don't have towards my male comrades. Even when they know it couldn't happen, they're still, somewhere in the back of their minds, trying to make me. And that's something I can play upon.

After we figured out the pigs' schedules, it was simple. We got the dynamite earlier this summer, when one of us cut his hair, got a set of false ID's and took a "summer job" as a watchman at a construction company downtown. All the equipment was there. We got enough to blow that statue a dozen times.

In the air-conditioned comfort of a suburban home, we assembled the bomb, and put a ten-minute timing device on it. I put the bomb in a borrowed car, and drove to the square. I drove through the area three or four times, till I saw a pig car passing by.

After he drove on, I calmly parked the car, took out the bag with the bomb in it, put it between the legs of the statue and set the timer. Back to the car, driving slowly back up to the house. After a few minutes I heard the explosion and smiled. That evening there was the finest steak, wine and pot I'd had in a long time.

It was a symbolic act and a symbolic act only. But it still meant a lot to us and to people all around the country. The Haymarket Square statue is (or rather, was) the only pig monument in the whole country. No matter what pig Daley says or does, it's down and it's staying down! 'Cause the era of the pig is ending! This bombing was the signal for a nationwide series of attacks on all the institutions of Amerikan injustice.

We've learned important lessons from the Tupamaros, the Arab guerrillas, the Viet Cong, the Black Panther Party and the Cubans. We've learned from their experience and from our own that if you fight you can win. The Amerikan monolith is really a pitiful helpless giant. We can bring it to its knees.

We are going to free all the political prisoners in this country. Tim Leary was just the beginning. Bobby Seale, Erika Huggins, Los Siete de la Raza, John Sinclair, Daniel Berrigan. We are going to smash Amerikan imperialism. We will render it incapable of functioning. We are going to smash racism and male supremacy. We are going to destroy the institutions that perpetuate them. The people of the Third World are winning. We will fight by their side. To do otherwise is to side with the pigs of the world. Big pigs like Nixon, Agnew, Mitchell, Hanrahan, Daley are scared. They have reason to be. As our latest communique said: "Guard your planes. Guard your colleges. Guard your banks. Guard your children. Guard your doors." What we are doing serves as exemplary action for all alienated white youth in Amerika. What we have done, others can do. And will.

WE ARE OUTLAWS, WE ARE FREE!

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

DEATH TO THE FASCIST PIGS!

An Unabashed Analysis by a Noted Political Purveyor of the Recent Raids of Bombings in the United States ♦♦♦

Since the Weathermen blew up the pig statue in Haymarket Square Monday, October 5, there has been a continuing series of bombings all around the country. Congress freaked out and passed a new law to authorize the FBI to go onto college campuses to look for suspected terrorists and providing the death penalty under federal law when a bombing causes a death. The U.S. General Services Administration announced that it was tightening security and lessening access to all federal buildings. The Chicago Daily News started running a front page scare series on how U.S. radicals were "trained for urban guerrilla warfare in Cuba," which quoted anonymous government officials as talking about political kidnappings as if they had already taken place here. Billy Graham told a press conference that he had told President Nixon that "if I'm ever kidnapped...don't negotiate. I'm not afraid. I know I'm going to heaven so let the kidnappers do with me what they will."

Three days after the Haymarket bombing, the ROTC building at the University of Washington in Seattle, the Marin County courtroom in San Rafael and the California National Guard Armory in Santa Barbara were all bombed. Weathermen took credit for those three and it was followed two days later with the bombing of a Queens courthouse in New York City. On October 12 in Rochester, however, there were six bombings in a 25 minute period, in which the targets were a little bit different: while a federal office building and a county office building were bombed, so were two black churches, a grocery store and a private home,

—targets that radical groups, especially the Weathermen, would not be interested in hitting because they are not part of the war machine or the institutions of racism that have been the Weathermen's prime targets. These were most likely right wing bombings. On October 14, the Harvard Center for International Affairs, which does defense department research, was bombed. The Proud Eagle Tribe, a group of revolutionary women in Cambridge claimed credit for that bombing, dedicating it to Angela Davis, who was captured the day before by the FBI in New York. Angela was replaced on the FBI's "Ten Most Wanted" list by Weatherman leader Bernadine Dohrn. And the Justice Department, F.B.I. and White House called for a "Kidnap Alert" after they heard rumors that there would be a hostage kidnapped in an attempt to free Angela Davis. Earlier in the week, the Senate passed a bill making the assassination, kidnapping or assault of a member of Congress a federal crime punishable by life imprisonment and death.

There's bound to be much more to come, on all fronts. The Weathermen are still at large, and there's a lot of other people who dig what they've been doing & want to get into it themselves. There's also bound to be increasing counter-revolutionary violence. 3,500 policemen demonstrated in Washington last week for stricter laws. The no-knock law was passed. The right-wing Rochester bombings are far from new also, and there will probably be more actions of that type.

Some people you talk to say that the bombings

are only serving to alienate people from the movement, helping to drive the country towards the right and fascism earlier in the game than it would otherwise occur. They say that the bombers are only operating out of pure frustration and have no winning strategy. People who favor the bombings say that the country is moving towards a few years. Many of these people also see the need for a mass movement, as well as a growing underground, and are thrashing around trying to find the right forms of organization. The Weathermen seem to believe that their actions will help build a mass movement of youth, cut-right wing repression anyway and that it's time for people to get their shit together and prepare for military confrontation and the equivalent of civil war within the next year across class lines—that the youth of Amerika will dig the destruction of hated symbols of oppression—the military apparatus, the police, the courts, etc. and will start to join in the actions in a truly massive way.

The moral indignation of the authorities is a little misplaced for a nation that drops thousands of bombs every week in Southeast Asia—bombs that destroy entire villages. My own attitude is that it's about time they had a taste of their own medicine. And if it's possible to do enough damage to actually impede the ability of this country to conduct war overseas, then how can you oppose it?

Bring the War Home is no longer a slogan. It's beginning to happen.

--Bernie



Hi, fellow Americans. This is Richard M. Nixon here with a report on what your government has been doing in The Nation's Capital.

The picture above shows me sniffing sniffing a package of marijuana discovered by a police dog in a demonstration held on the White House lawn. The picture on the right shows me an hour after everybody split. You have to admit that your President had everyone fooled, talking as square as he does and watching football on TV during antiwar parades.

It's been a busy week. While I was out on the lawn rapping with the narcs about prices and weight, a whole bunch of radio executives were inside the White House watching some scenes from Woodstock and shots of street people hanging out and fighting cops. They also caught a lightshow and heard some tunes by Dylan, Steppenwolf, Zager & Evans, and Bobby Darin (we ripped that one off from Spiro's collection). After some punch, Dean Burch of the FCC told the group to check out what was being played on their stations, since their kids someday would ask "daddy, what did you do in the war against drugs?" By the end of the show, half of them looked like they were into deserting.

You'll be pleased to know that I'm not the only one who's getting into things. Some of the guys over at Congress are getting loaded on laugh-

ing gas and goofing on the Commission findings. You should have seen everybody get it up for the Obscenity Report. That one was the best; Campus Unrest really brought Spiggy down. The heaviest scene was after the Mississippi state police were downrapped for wasting people at Jackson State for no reason--Strom Thurmond and Jimmy Eastland came around with some sub-machine guns and talked about your revolution.

I'm not much for Women's Lib, but the sisters did get the shaft this week. That Constitutional Amendment got all kinds of extra riders tacked onto it, so it has to go back to a committee full of dudes who might be a little chauvinist. One of the riders had to do with allowing prayers in public schools; some people had a hard time catching the connection between hymns and Women's Lib, but seeing Representative Baker leap around and talk about God was really a treat. While they're waiting for another turn, the girls ought to check out some really liberated chicks--Martha Mitchell and my old lady.



Man, that shit was DYNAMITE!



Now that everyone on the Hill's a head, it's getting hard to remember all we should, so we thought it would be far out to give everyone a number from the minute they're born and let the FBI check out the Social Security files. We've got a bank of computers to record everything there is to know, and there's a backup crew of speed freaks ready to step in if there's a power failure. As A Capricorn I can really dig the structure.

My life has become really mellow. I get up, eat some rice and vegetables (easy on the yang), meditate, fool around with Pat, and then hit the stash for the afternoon. I feel at peace with everyone, even if the Vietcong can't get behind my rap. It's their karma if another half-million get offed.

Look, I have to split. I just got word that there are 2000 pigs on the Capital steps and I have to cool them out before they get to thinking that the no-knock law applies to everyone. So stay high, peace and love, and right on.



Anyone who loves flowers
Is naturally not liked by bullets.
Bullets are jealous ladies.
Can one expect kindness!
Nineteen-year-old Allison Krause
You were killed because
You loved flowers.
It was--
An expression of purest hopes
In the split second
When defenseless as the thin pulse of conscience
You placed a flower
In the barrel of the Guardsman's rifle.
And said:
Flowers are better than bullets.
Don't give a gift of flowers to a state
Where truth is punished.
The response of such a state is cynical
and cruel,
And that's what the response was to you
Allison Krause,
Bullets
Pushing out the flower..

Let all the appletrees of the world,
Not in white--
But in mourning be clothed.
Ah, how sweet the lilacs smell
But you don't feel anything.
As the President said about you,
You are a "bum."
Every dead person is a bum,
But this is not his fault.
You lie on the grass.
With candy stick in your cheek.
You won't put on any new clothes,
You won't read any new books.

Flowers gather for war!
Punish the oppressors!
One tulip after another
One daisy after another
Burst forth in anger.

From tidy gardens,
Stuff with earthy roots
The throats of all hypocrites.

You, the jasmine, clog
The propellers of mine-layers.
You were a student
You studied fine arts
But there is another art;
It is bloody and terrible.
In this hangman's art there also
Obviously are geniuses.
Who was Hitler?
A cubist of gas chambers.
In the name of all flowers
I curse your creations,
You architect of lies,
Conductors of murders,
Mothers of the world moan:
"Oh God, oh, God."
And fortune teller are afraid
To predict the future.
At this moment, a rock and roll of bones
Is danced by death in Vietnam and
Cambodia,
And what theater
Will it find tomorrow to perform in?
Rise up, girls of Tokyo
Boys of Rome,
Gather flowers

KENT

Ravenna, Ohio -- A State Grand Jury investigating the killing of four Kent State students by Ohio National Guardsmen has indicted 25 "participants and agitators" on 43 counts. No troops were indicted.

The Jury's findings sharply contradict those of the President's Commission on Campus Unrest and the point of view expressed last May by the thousands who shut down over 300 college campuses.

Bill Murphy

Against the evil enemy of all,
Blow together on all the dandelions of the world--
Oh, what a great storm there will be!
You the nettles, stick firmly to the lenses
Covering up the gun sights.
Get up lilies of the Ganges
And the lotus of the Nile--
And block the props of airplanes,
Pregnant with death of children.
Roses, don't be proud because they sell you
For a little more.
Although it is nice to touch
the tender cheeks of a young girl
Pierce
The gas tanks
Of bombers,
With your thorns grown longer
And sharper
Against them you cannot rise up
With flowers only
Their stems are too fragile--
Their petals are a poor defense
But a Vietnamese girl--the same age as Allison--
Taking in her hand a gun
Is an armed flower
The wrath of the people.
If also the flowers rise,
Then it is no use to play
children's games with history,
Young America.
Tie up the nads of the killers.
Grow
Grow
The escalation of truth
Against the trampling of the life of people
The escalation of lies.
Flowers, gather for war.
Defend beauty.
Flood the highways and byways
Like the menacing flow of an army,
And in the ranks of people and flowers
Rise up murdered Allison Krause,
Like the immortelle of the epoch--
The thorny flower of protest.

Yevgeny Yevtushenko



要“抓紧”。

As if what's going on in Asia already wasn't enough for them, the CIA is reportedly playing with fire by sending armed reconnaissance teams into China. Michael Morrow of Dispatch News Service (which first publicised the My Lai massacre) says that the staging area is a small mountain valley airstrip called Nam Lieu (Nam Yu) fifteen minutes flying time north of Mekong River town Houei Sai in Laos. The teams are equipped with small arms and radios. They are attempting to tap telegraph lines, they watch roads and do various other intelligence work. They have traveled as far as two hundred miles into China.

According to Morrow's sources, "there is always a team in China." They are recruited from Yao hill tribesmen, a group which lives in the mountains that border Laos, Burma, Thailand and China. The teams stay inside China for three to four months, maintaining contact by radio.

The Nam Lieu operation is directed by a veteran mercenary organizer named Anthony Poe, who also attempts to organize the hill tribesmen into special guerrilla units to oppose liberation forces near the Lao-Thai border. Poe is an ex-Marine non-commissioned officer who helped organize Tibetan CIA-aided insurgents in the fifties, and later worked in the Thai-Cambodian border area with the "Khmer Blue" anti-Sihanouk forces.

In addition, there are reports that the CIA is working with mercenary groups moving into China from northern Burma. At the Thai-Burma border, 2,000 men who are remnants of Chiang Kai Shek's army have been armed with American M-1, M-2 and M-16 rifles. Nung people (originally from the mountains of the North Vietnamese and Chinese borders) who now live north of Saigon, report that their men are being offered 1,000,000 piasters (worth about \$3,000) for six months of working with CIA-run mercenary bands on the North Vietnamese and Chinese frontiers.

And Nixon's talking about "ending the draft" in 1973? Don't hold your breath. They're going to need a pretty big army for the impending war with China.

On other fronts:

*Six lieutenants who deserted from the Portuguese Army said that they had been trained in West Germany by U.S. Army guerrilla warfare experts for action in Portuguese colonies in Africa. The six, who are seeking political asylum in Sweden, deserted after being assigned to counter-insurgency work in Guinea and Mozambique, where considerable amounts of territory are already controlled by anti-colonialist forces.

*The Young Lords Party in New York is planning a mass demonstration at the United Nations on October 30 to demand freedom for Puerto Rico. They recently held a conference at Columbia University which attracted 1200 Latin brothers and sisters, and set up a series of Liberate Puerto Rico Now Committees. A speaker from the University Federation for Independence in Puerto Rico told the conference of recent actions there in which millions of draft records were destroyed.



*A severe wave of repression against South Vietnamese student leaders began immediately after Agnew's visit to Saigon late in the summer. Members of the Saigon Student Union were brutally attacked by South Vietnamese secret police and combat troops after holding a legal and peaceful assembly in an auditorium. Every one was teargassed and clubbed and 117 people were arrested. Four of these students are still in jail, including Nuyen Tam Mam, president of the Student Union. He and his friends are being tortured in jail and have entered an indefinite hunger strike. South Vietnamese students from all the universities recently held the Fourth National Student Congress, at which they opposed the compulsory military training program imposed on students by the government. Nguyen Van Thieu promised earlier in the year that he was "ready to smash all movements calling for peace because I'm still much of a soldier. We will beat to death the people who are demanding immediate peace."

*If you thought that recent reports of a "left wing" coup in Bolivia signified some kind of revolution, you're

very wrong. Look again. "Left wing" general Juan Jose Torres, along with General Alfredo Ovando Candia (ousted from the Presidency by a previous "right wing" coup) planned the U.S. operation against Che Guevara in October 1967 and approved the decision to execute the guerrilla leader. Beyond the labels "left-wing" and "right wing", what really went on was petty plotting for personal power. President Ovando expropriated Bolivian holdings of Gulf Oil Company, to try to appeal to reform-minded Bolivian nationalists. When Gulf Oil threatened an international boycott of Bolivian petroleum, Ovando apologized and promised \$78 million in compensation. Torres is little different, except that he wants a little more in the hands of the Bolivian ruling class. Foreign capital will continue to operate within the country as long as the regime profits from it. For most Bolivians, the latest coup will make little difference. Sixty percent of all children between one and five have tuberculosis. Tin miners still face silicosis, an early death, a lack of work as the quality of tin extracted from Bolivian mines declines. Half of the adult population among the miners is alcoholic with others addicted to cocaine as well.

*Mexican students have called for a boycott of Mexico and Mexican products to commemorate the second anniversary of the October 1968 massacre at Tlatelolco, Mexico, just before the Olympic Games, during which police and soldiers descended upon a peaceful mass meeting in the Plaza of Three Cultures and shot and bayoneted to death an estimated 500 students, teachers, workers and bystanders. Over 150 political prisoners are still being held in jail from that incident. They haven't been tried or sentenced.

*For an inside look at conditions of life in North Korea, North Vietnam and China, check out the October 3rd issue of the Black Panther Party newspaper (still available at the People's Information Center, 2154 N. Halsted). It has a special 8 page section which is an interview with Panther Deputy Minister of Information Elaine Brown about her recent trip to those countries, where, she says, "we were greeted as...human beings, as respected members of the human race."

---Bernie Farber

Leary in Algeria . . . Really?

This article was sent to us by Stu Albert, world famous fantasizer, losing candidate for Sheriff of Alameda County, noted Yippie, and world-traveler. We cannot vouch for its reality.

Timothy Leary is in Algiers. I last saw him on a very white and sunny beach. He and Rosemary told me to give you their love and best wishes for a violent revolution.

I was in Algeria to get political advice from Eldridge Cleaver and to make contacts for the Youth International Party. Eldridge and Field Marshall D.C. were the hosts but it was time to leave and my suitcase was packed.

"Hey Stu, we can't let you go, Tim Leary is here." Eldridge announced.

This may all sound like fantasy, but it happened. And the California prison system will never be the same.

My mind was blown. The best dream a revolutionary madman could have had suddenly became true flesh. The psychedelic revolution broken out of jail and now in the Third World making common cause with a black gun.

"Hey man, did you levitate over the fence?" I asked.

Leary was in my arms. He was disguised as a completely ordinary pig businessman. But the twinkle in his eye was his dead giveaway. Fortunately the FBI isn't trained to read twinkles.

"Stu, this is so beautiful. You know, the last time I saw Eldridge was on an airplane. He told me to stay out of jail. I should have listened to him."

"Hey crime partner, how you doing?" Eldridge extended his hand and two people who should have gotten together a thousand years ago began exchanging jailhouse memories.

"All that propaganda about my about my digging jail as

righteous karma was just bullshit", Doctor Tim declared, "we were trying to convince the pigs I was a model prisoner so they wouldn't be afraid to turn their backs. I intended to escape from the first day."

"The pigs have absolutely no idea how I got out. And I don't want to give it away, but I'll tell you this, I had to lift weights every day to pull it off."

"I realize my freedom was the only thing I wanted and I was willing to kill for it. The need for armed revolution becomes obvious when you spend seven months of your existence living among pigs."

"The Weathermen drove my getaway car, but I completely supported them before I knew they were involved in my escape."

"Hey Leary, did you spend much time with the Weathermen?" Eldridge inquired.

"Yes, we turned on a lot and Rosemary and I went to see Woodstock with Bernadine Dohrn and Jeff Jones. We were stoned out of our minds."

Doctor Timothy Leary, former Harvard professor and political prisoner has been given political asylum by the Algerian government. His request for protected exile was backed completely by the Black Panther Party.

Leary listed himself as a member of YIP and the Weathermen.

"The same pigs who wanted to ice me are after Leary," Eldridge said. They hate him because he made their children

rebel. Kids want to make love and not kill niggers. That's a crime in Babylon," Eldridge rapped to an Algerian friend.

Rosemary Leary, working for Tim on the outside, has gone through changes.

"Bernadine taught me a lot of Women's Liberation,"

Rosemary exuded. "I want to go back to Amerika. I want to take revenge and blow things up."

What is Tim Leary going to do in a revolutionary African country?

"I will write a book about my prison life and conversion. I'll do a regular column for the underground press and I want to go to Hanoi. Naturally I will totally accept the discipline of the Black Panther Party."

"We used to quote the I Ching a lot," Rosemary stated. "but now it's going to be Kim Il Sung and the thought of Chairman Mao."

Rosemary and Tim will be renting a house in the Algerian countryside. They would like the international brotherhood to visit them. But room is limited, so write first.

Our revolution has taken an inevitable turn.

In Algeria the gun protects the flower.

In Algeria the flower becomes the gun.

— Stu Albert

WANTED BY THE FBI

INTERSTATE FLIGHT - MURDER, KIDNAPING
ANGELA YVONNE DAVIS



Late night television, after the johnny/merv / dickie mind-blubbing talk shows, after the meditations' and just before the star-spangling banner, the FBI likes to flash pictures of its '10 most wanted criminals' on the screen, just so sleepy TV viewers won't forget the business at hand. Once I saw a picture of a beautiful young black woman. Vital statistics: she went into a store and bought some guns. Booming, uptight voice: "she may be armed, and should be considered extremely dangerous."

Angela Davis was arrested Tuesday, October 13. She was unarmed. She is being held without bail.

Why is Angela Davis considered so 'dangerous' by the FBI? First, she is black and she is a woman and she is a revolutionary. When she was professor of philosophy at U.C.L.A. she said she was a communist. The University trustees, backed by actor Ronald Reagan, fired her under a 30-year old policy against employing Commies. Although their decision was overruled by a county Superior Court, the regents succeeded in firing her anyway "for being an incompetent teacher." (translation no. 1--for her extracurricular activities, such as supporting the Black Panthers and the Soledad Brothers. translation no. 2--because she was giving her students an idea of the alternative to our racist, capitalist system).

The Soledad Brothers--George L. Jackson, John

Clutchette, and Fleeta Drumgo--are in jail awaiting trial on trumped-up charges of murdering a prison guard. Angela worked last summer on their defense committee, and travelled around fund-raising. On August 7, in a San Rafael courthouse, an attempt was made to kidnap a judge, a prosecutor, and three jurors and hold them as hostages, to be exchanged for the release of the Soledad Brothers. In this suicidal mission, four people were killed--Jonathan Jackson (brother of George), two prisoners who were in the courtroom and joined in the kidnapping, and the judge. Lots of guns were used in the shootout at San Rafael. Police opened fire on the van to be used in the escape. Police bullets killed three people. The judge died when a rifle tied to his head went off during the police attack.

Angela Davis is charged with going into a store and buying the guns used by the "kidnappers."

For two months she eluded the F.B.I. We don't know where she was, but we hoped she was out of the country. Instead, she was found in the very heart of Amerika--in a \$30-a-day mom and apple pie room of a Howard Johnson motel.

For the first 8 hours she was held on a federal fugitive from justice charge, and her bail was set at \$250,000. Then, on Thursday, the California warrant arrived. Under California law, an accomplice is equally guilty: Angela is charged with murder. In order to serve the California warrant, however, Angela had to be released from the first charge. Bail on the federal charge was revoked, and Angela was free on her own recognizance for a couple of seconds before she was officially arrested again. This time she is being held without bail. Her extradition to California hearing is set for November 9.

Nixon is very proud of himself and of Hoover's snoopers. The capturing of Angela coincided with the new anti-crime bill he just signed, which, among other things, provides for the death penalty for anyone convicted in a fatal bombing. He said the arrest of Angela "should be a warning to those who engage in these acts that they are going to be apprehended."

Now, if you turn on your TV late at night, you won't see Angela's picture anymore. To replace her, they've added Bernadine Dohrn to the "10 Most Wanted List."

—diane

"How a woman of her intellectual qualifications, high talent, and extraordinary accomplishment achieved the dreadful prominence of appearing on a poster as one of the FBI's 10 Most Wanted is a sad and terrible story."

—Life, Sept. 11, 1970, speaking of Angela Davis

Sad about Angela. Sad about Diana Oughton. Sad about Bernardine. Sad about all those would-be middle-class bankers and secretaries who are rioting in the highschools and universities, just because they are frustraated. But let's try to understand them. "Hey, Charlie! I've got an idea. Go out and dig up everything you can on Bernadine Dohrn. Find out if she was a Girl Scout. Maybe you could even attend her class reunion. Talk to people who know her. Then we'll run a story on Bern. . . yeah, let's really try to understand these people. Let the public know what they're all about. Wow, what a fucked-up chick. With those good looks, too. . ."

MEET SEXY BERNARDINE GIRL GUERRILLA. "A Right On heading for this article, don't you think, Charlie?"

The point of most of these articles on radicals--and such articles are appearing in papers all across the country--seems to be that these "kids" came from good homes, were good achievers, in school and out--Angela got scholarships; Bernardine went "from Top Ten in her class to Top Ten on FBI Most Wanted," (clever); Diana worked hard in the Peace Corps--and isn't it tragic the way they turned out?

Even TV series have caught on that radical stories are selling these days. On "Bracken's World" the other night there was the story of a lady bomber (played by former Flying Nun with a Jane Fonda haircut). She had been let out of jail to make a movie about herself "to tell her side of it." In the end--you guessed it--she slips out of the studio to do a bombing and gets herself blown up. And the story ends with the movie director lamenting about how sad, how sad.

It may be (possibly) that some of the straight press stories on revolutionaries is (perhaps) an honest attempt to understand it all. So far, however, the publicity has had little to do with the issues that Bernardine, Angela Diana and many many others are fighting about, the reasons why they feel they cannot work within the system to change things, and the movements they, as individuals, belonged to. And most of all, these articles never come out and say that it is right to smash racism and Pentagonism and the psychic traps that make machines out of people. . . even if they don't agree with the tactics of these particular radicals. How many more Vietnams-Kent States-ghetto riots--democratic conventions--Conspiracy Trials-etcetcetcetc. do there have to be before people realize that we are living in the bowels of a MONSTER.

By tracing these radicals from 4-H Club to Weatherman "orgies" the press has only accomplished two things: it has opened the eyes of parents--"oh, dear, that could be my own daughter." And it has turned a lot of people off--"what a bunch of fucked-up kids."

To anyone who's at all into revolution, it's just a bunch of poppycock.

—diane

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by OLD TOWN CHICAGO

THE MAN AT EASE LOVES YOU

"I'm twenty years old and I feel dead"
--a good friend

There's too many people walking around these days saying things like that. And much too many who feel that way and are afraid to express it out loud. People are alienated from their work, from their families, from their friends, from their surroundings and from themselves.

We're living during a time of social disintegration. All of Amerika's institutions have failed "the people test"--people simply can't live happy and healthy lives within them.

In the last few years, I've had easily a dozen friends who've wound up in mental hospitals, attempted suicide, become incapable of caring for themselves. Incapable of functioning "normally" in the world.

It's a time of madness. Amerika: "scab of a nation, going insane." A land of desperate people who can't understand why their lives are falling apart, why nothing seems to "make it better" any more. There is a revival of the cults. An increase in gratuitous violence. A man in New York walks into a place where he worked and shoots four women dead. There are madmen in the streets.

And there is other, larger madness. The rapid poisoning of the air and water. The genocide being perpetrated upon the people of Asia and increasingly upon Third World people in this country. Too many things to mention. Read the rest of the paper.

"Power is the ability to define phenomena and make them act in a desired manner."

--Huey P. Newton

Whatever the specific incidents are that trigger off a "nervous breakdown" or a "suicide" attempt, what lies at the root of it is the lack of power--the inability to determine your own destiny, control your environment, influence the outcome of the events in your own life by positive action. The Amerikan myth has been that all you have to do is "try harder" and you'll succeed. And it isn't true. The goals of "success" that the socializing agents, (the school, the family, the media) set for the individual are in far too many cases unobtainable--mostly for reasons that a person had no control over--race, sex, economic class, the "job market," etc. And in the few rare cases where "success" is achieved, it's found to be empty, unrewarding, unsatisfying.

People measure themselves by external criteria. Taught the ethos of competition from their earliest years, they learn that to be the model student, or football player, even the star "clown" is to be marked as a "better" person. To "excel" at nothing in other people's eyes, is to be nothing. To be nothing is to be alone.

You can be alone anywhere, with anyone, paradoxical as that sounds. You can be married, living with your wife/or husband and essentially be alone. You can live with your parents and essentially be alone. You can live in a supposed commune with half a dozen people and still essentially be alone. You're alone if you're not a part of things--if there aren't other people who are genuinely interested in you, in what you're doing and how you're feeling, in what you think.

People get paranoid--they imagine that others are plotting against them, or holding something back from them, because in many ways they are right. In most cases there are people around them who are not treating them as equals, talking behind their backs, putting on a false face or rap when they get together.

Life in many ways is a succession of problems to solve, obstacles to overcome to survive. Things that you have to do. Sometimes a person becomes dependent on someone else, because it's easier--it's a rough life and it's much more comforting to think that someone else is taking care of everything for you. Then when the other person isn't able to handle the unrealistic double load, or begins to make it clear that he or she doesn't want to get



into that situation, you haven't prepared yourself to be able to cope with the situation alone.

"So I don't go to college and I work in a warehouse and smoke a pack of cigarettes a day is this who I am?...and each week I get a pay check that I spend all during the next week to buy ...things because I am so unhappy working there...working in the grey sunless warehouse from morning til night is being dead all day and then emerging at five to watch the sun slip away and it seems like it will never come back again...trying to squeeze a whole sunny day of living into a few dark hours when I am already weary for rest."

--an 18 year old recent high school graduate.

To be normal, to adjust, to accomodate yourself to a sick society, to a mad, inhuman way of living, is to be the walking dead. To adjust to contemporary Amerikan society is to put blinders on the sides of your eyes, go about your business and adjust yourself to the notion of becoming a machine.

Cause that's what you are. You're a commodity. When you're not needed, you're not needed. When the sign says "No Help Wanted" don't bother walking in and being friendly.

People who are "failures" have basically two choices: to blame themselves, or? If they blame themselves for their failures, for their inability to control their surroundings, then they take it out on themselves--they become self-destructive, in any one of a variety of ways.

Their lives become filled with neglect. They stop trying. They let the small things slide as well as the big ones. The laundry stands undone, the garbage piles up, the floor is unmopped, the dirt and dust begins to settle in... the unhandled everyday business of living piles up and piles up and piles up until it's impossible --and you might as well set a match to the whole mess--which is exactly what is done--the life, become unbearable--is liquidated.

A psychotic episode is a radical attempt at problem solving. It is an indication of a growing and unbearable sensitivity to the disorder that surrounds the person. Far from escaping into fantasy (the way most of us think of "crazy" people) in many cases they are in fact facing up to the real world and finding it unbearable.

"Why are the times so dark/
Men know each other not at all/
...Justice and law nowhere to be found/
I know no more where I belong"

--French poet Eustache Deschamps

I know no more where I belong. A lot of people don't. A lot of people who don't flip out are just hanging in there for want of anything better to do, but they haven't defined a role for themselves--they don't feel like they have an identity. They don't feel like they have value and dignity as a person. They don't have self respect.

We live in a land of death. We are all dead--to one degree or another, because the society that surrounds us, and it's exploitative institutions hold us down, treat us as raw material to be processed for a giant machine. We are the dead--all of us--because we can't reach our full development and growth as human beings in this society.

Alternative institutions? Liberated zones? They can be important in showing an alternative, in fostering resistance, in giving just a few more people a sense of worth and value in what they do. But it's a path that isn't realistically open to most people, a path that few can even comprehend as a possibility. And it takes a long time. Maybe longer than we have.

No individual alone can hope, in this society, to significantly alter the course of the country by himself, or in many cases, even his own life. And it's true that you can't transform the world if you can't transform the living room.

"If the penalty for the quest for freedom is death--then by death we escape to freedom"

--Huey P. Newton

Harsh words, offered by a Black revolutionary at a funeral. Being buried were Jonathan Jackson and William A. Christmas, Jackson, 17 years old, brought guns into the Marin County Courthouse in San Rafael, California, kidnapped a judge and several jurors and tried to free three of his imprisoned black brothers. He and two others were killed. The other was wounded and captured. They really didn't have much of a chance. What Jonathan Jackson did was suicide.

Why did he do it? He wasn't on trial. He wasn't in any special danger before, yet he placed himself into the situation. The Panthers call it "Revolutionary Suicide"--suicide "motivated by the desire to change the system or else die trying." An action motivated by the understanding that there is nothing to lose, that you are part of something larger than yourself, that "I choose death rather than slavery, and I choose to fight for what is mine rather than humbly submit to the oppression, exploitation and death of myself." By any "normal" standard, this is the statement of a lunatic. So too were many of the actions of the prisoners in the N.Y. Tombs who declared: "We are not animals!"

So are the actions of any group of people who band together and make common cause for their sisters and brothers freedom--because for any given individual it involves a high probability of an early death.

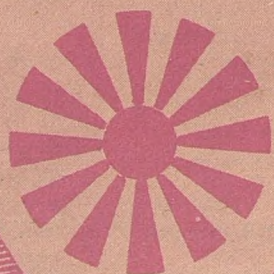
The alternative to self-destructive actions, to "reactionary suicide", is to take all that rage and desperation and focus it outward at the real source of the problem. To stop blaming yourself and stop making excuses for your oppressors. And to take positive action to take what's yours no matter what the consequences. Therein lies both dignity and self-respect for the individual, freedom for the people, and possibly, salvation for the planet.

--Bernie Farber

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POWER | E | R | I | S | I | O | N

Everyday in New York's black ghettos, and in its Latin ghettos, and in the neighborhoods where unemployed whites hang around bars and get into fights, an occupying army of policemen makes sweeping dragnet arrests. You get busted for carrying a knife, for insulting a cop, for haggling with storeowners, for punching it out with a guy who cheats at dice, for taking a joyride in someone else's car. If you don't get shot or killed by the cops, you are hauled to a precinct house, then booked on some charge and carried in a crowded fetid police van to a city lock-up. . . to wait for trial. Sometimes you wait for two years. You wait where there is no light and no air, no protein, no real beds. Where there are guards who use blackjacks on you for fun, where there are guards who won't tell the prison doctor when you need medicine. Rats and roaches and garbage encrust the walls and the halls. Your body stops thinking about nourishment. You are denied access to law books but you don't have the energy to read them anyway. Your bail is so high you don't even dream about getting out on bail. If you're Latin and don't speak English, you couldn't understand the law books to begin with. Or talk with your state appointed lawyer if you ever got one. You are at the bottom. You are an animal.

WE ARE NOT ANIMALS! NO SOMOS ANIMALES!

It began in the 86 year old, red brick Queens House of Detention, which is slowly decaying in the shadows of warehouses and factories on Long Island City. It reached across the borough to the Kew Gardens jail, across the railroad yards to the Brooklyn lock-up, and soon Manhattan's infamous Tombs was caught up in the rebellion, its second in two months. Finally, two days after the action began, the rebellion spread across the filthy East River to the Riker's Island detention center. Overpowering their guards and taking the jail keys, 2,800 prisoners in five city lock-ups staged an unarmed open insurrection. It began October 2. It ended October 6, prison corridors reeking of tear gas, prison courtyards stained with blood. Not the blood of the 23 prison guards taken hostage, 23 prison guards released unharmed, walking out of the prisons urging support of the prisoners' demands, but the blood of six unarmed rebel prisoners in critical condition, the blood of 200 prisoners seriously injured in Kew Gardens, the blood of countless others not as bad off, receiving no medical treatment for the injuries administered by prison guards and Lindsay's police, while Lindsay, negotiating with prisoners during the slaughter, was reported to be completely unaware of the brutality. It was Lindsay who had promised there would be no reprisals. "I hear there were injuries on both sides," was his comment when he heard of the beatings.

The fate of the first Tombs rebellion tells a lot about why these five prisons went, and why thousands more will explode soon. The airless Tombs, in the heart of the financial district, is a hellhole. Even New York's Mayor Lindsay was forced to admit in August that the Tombs' prisoners' demands had "much justification."

Last August's Tombs rebels released their hostages only after receiving solemn promises from Lindsay and Prison Commissioner George McGrath that prison conditions would change, that court proceedings would be speeded up, and that there would be no reprisals. There were no massive reprisals—though at least one prisoner had his arm broken by guards afterwards—but nothing has happened to change the city's prisons. Mayor Lindsay decided to sleep on it. The liberal newspapers, which

played up the revolt as they had featured "expose" stories about prison conditions for years on end, promptly forgot the prisoners' demands for change once the hostages were released.

So one month after the Tombs rebellion, the angry inmates of five N Y prisons took more guards hostage. More than once they threatened to kill them; unarmed men in prison have little other means of defense against the heavily-armed expeditionary force of cops they knew would come to take back their prison. Only the chance that the city would spare the lives of the hostages gave the rebels hope that a bloody police wipe-up operation might be avoided.

But in the end the city did not care about the hostages. In the end Mayor Lindsay ordered the troops in. If the prisoners had known what sheer brutality awaited them, they might not have been so cooperative about releasing the hostages, which they eventually did in every case.

It was the three-hundred-odd men in the Queens House of Detention who put forward the most comprehensive set of demands. Branch Queens—the official prison designation for the disintegrating structure—is the prison where the rebellion began, where it ended, and where nine of the Panther 21 now on trial are incarcerated.

The Branch Queens men controlled all but the ground floor of their lock-up. Puerto Rican and Black Nation flags dyed on bedsheets fluttered from broken windows; and the men inside leaned out into the dirty air to see the vista of industrial plants and railroad tracks that the frosted window glass had hidden from them before. They sat by the windows, giving fists and wearing bandanas, as 3 men designated as negotiators—one black, one brown, one white—talked in the courtyard below to the prison commissioner, two politicians, an aide to Mayor Lindsay, and the press.

Reporter: When will the hostages be released?

Victor Martinez: When a (N.Y.) Supreme Court justice shows up right here to discuss the details of a complete bail review for every prisoner in every lock-up.

Reporter: But there aren't any Justices who are ready to come. So under what circumstances will you release the hostages?

Martinez: Look, Mr. Newsmen, you look like an intelligent man, and I am an intelligent man. I ask you . . . it's up to you, the media, the city. Get us a judge here to meet our demands and the hostages will go free.

The prisoners wanted Justice John Murtagh, who is presiding over the case of the Panther 21, to come to the negotiating table in the Queens prison courtyard. He refused. The rebellion did finally intimidate one liberal judge into holding bail hearings inside prison grounds, and a few men were actually released. The other demands have been ignored.

The demands never came over very big in the radio-TV-newspaper "crisis coverage" of the rebellion. The demands were basic, popular and political. Not just an end to the hellish conditions in the city jails, but specific political demands:

- *the complete bail review that might give some justice to thousands of poor people
- *permission for ministers of Islam to hold Muslim church services for the many Black Muslim prisoners who are denied religious activity in jail.
- *permission to distribute the Black Panther newspaper
- *provision for Spanish-speaking lawyers and interpreters for Latin prisoners;
- *and restoration of bail for Afeni Shakur, one of the framed-up Panther 21.

[Afeni's bail was revoked because she arrived 40 minutes late in court one morning. She had received a phone saying that her mother was sick, and she went to the hospital to see her. There was a mix-up and her mother wasn't

there, so Afeni headed back to court where Murtagh revoked her \$100,000 bail. It was later reinstated in the midst of the rebellion uproar.]

New York city lock-ups are filled 183% above capacity. Prisoners have unduly high bails which keep them in the jails. Half the prisoners have been waiting trial at least two months. 20% more have been waiting at least six months. One way that has been suggested to alleviate over crowding is to review the cases of prisoners not charged with serious offenses and who could not put up bail; release them on their own recognizance—2,000-5,000 could be released this way.

But it seems that Lindsay is more concerned with punishing rebellious prisoners than in relieving the inhuman conditions of the jails. While Lindsay and his friends were "negotiating" in Queens, their cops were busy cleaning up Kew Gardens, the Tombs, Brooklyn and Rikers Island. One by one the prisons fell back into the hands of the jailers. The Tombs fell under a tear-gassing, club-swinging onslaught. Hostages straggled out of the citadel-like prison unharmed, and the repressive apparatus turned its ire on the last hold-outs, including the Panthers, in the Long Island City lock-up.

Hundreds of cops and prison guards, armed with clubs and axe-handles, milled around the barbed-wire barricades the police had set up. Floodlights illuminated the early morning haze, and the word came down to attack the rebels.

Police turned the rotting prison into a tear-gas chamber and the heavily armed and gas-masked cops and guards moved in on the gagging prisoners, who had no place to go. A few hundred prisoners were rounded up and made to sit facing the wall in the courtyard. As more prisoners streamed out of the building toward their comrades, the prison guards, back in control, went after them. The guards were in their element now, and they were pigs. Five and sometimes ten guards ganged up and smashed prisoners on the head with long clubs, as other guards watched and laughed. They tossed their limp and bleeding bodies into waiting police vans.

Thirty-nine of the prisoners, including the Panthers, refused to surrender their position, and barricaded themselves on the top floor. They shouted down that unless their lawyers and newsmen could be present when they left the jail, they (the prisoners) would be killed. Hours later, the police agreed to let several Black Panther defense lawyers enter the prison and accompany the 39 hold-outs.

At the negotiations that same afternoon, Victor Martinez said, "This is not a protest. This is not a riot. This is a whole thing. We are going to create a paradise out of this hell."

And it was not just the prison he was talking about.

October 10. A bomb exploded in the Long Island City Courthouse, doing extensive damage to the building. No one was injured. The courthouse is adjacent to the Queens House of Detention.

And it was not just New York he was talking about. It's the same all over the country. Every prisoner is a political prisoner erased from the scene by astronomical bails and far-off court dates, placing the prisoner in an absolute hell-hole for months at a stretch.

The average time for prisoners waiting in Cook County Jail for trial is four months. 2000 inmates are crammed into space for 1200. Roaches are everywhere—in the cells, in the kitchens, in the food. Less than 50¢ a day is spent for meals for each prisoner. Medical services are poor, and practically non-existent on weekends and at night. "Suicides" occur all too frequently. In surveys by the John Howard Association, an organization devoted to prison reform, prisoners volunteered that the staff treats them like dogs. (like dirt, some said). Turning that hell into a paradise will take some doing. Get to it brothers and sisters.

—Maralee & LNS

HIGH SCHOOL

Dissatisfied high school people are led to believe that sticking it out at the local community high school and dropping out are the only choices one has when deciding how to deal with Amerika's antique educational system. These are two, but not the only choices. A third alternative is to go to a school that is truly interested in helping people get a good and real education.

If you would like to go to such a school and stay in the city, you have only one good choice...Metro High School. If you're into travelling, you can choose from the hundreds of schools listed in the publications of the New Schools Exchange that are described later.

Metro is the most impressive and probably the finest high school in the Chicago area. It totally discards the thirty year old teaching methods used in schools today in favor of the modern and more natural approaches of educators like John Holt.

The main concept of Metro is to use the city instead of a green four-sided enclosure as the classroom. Improvisational Theatre is taught at and by Second City. French is taught by the Belgian consul at the consulate. Media courses are held at radio and television stations with radio and tv people doing the explaining. Learning takes place through experience, not from memorizing a few pages out of a book.

The school's twenty staff members are guides as opposed to being teachers and lecturers. The normal barriers between student and teacher are broken down to the point where first names are used freely and the teacher may treat students much like equals.

The curriculum is determined jointly by the staff

and students. Kids have a free say in suggesting new courses, picking their own classes, and dropping those courses that are unsuitable for them. There are no grades or report cards. Instead, evaluations are done by the pupil and teacher together.

Applications for Metro are made available to all students attending Chicago public high schools near the end of each spring. Those interested apply. Lots are then drawn to narrow down the usual two-thousand applicants to the school's capacity of three-hundred and fifty. The lucky ones get in and dig it...free. The rest must stay in antiquated neighborhood schools or go elsewhere.

Metro is one school in the state that all teachers and every student should visit to get a better idea of what real education is. But visit it now. By this time next year, the Chicago Board of Education may have stretched out its powerful tentacles and ruined it in the classic way it has every other school in the city...with rules, teachers, lectures, classrooms and coercion.

The New Schools Exchange is a central clearing house for information and people involved in alternatives in education. They publish a newsletter three times each month which contains information about openings for students, openings for teachers, schools being started, people looking for positions, and articles by people involved in educational change. Subscriptions are ten dollars a year and five dollars for five months. In addition to the newsletter, subscribers also receive a directory of free schools and other helpful information. For a subscription or more information write New Schools Exchange; 301 East Canon Perdido; Santa Barbara, California 93101.

CHICAGO GAY LIB SPLITS

The radical and conservative (that's the old) factions of Chicago's Gay Liberation Front (GLF) are splitting their wings and venturing into their own separate territories. The GLF, which was formed in 1970, has been a major force in the city's gay community. It has been a major force in the city's gay community. It has been a major force in the city's gay community.

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Continued



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About eight-hundred Leo students proudly displayed their school spirit during a pre-homecoming pep rally last Friday. They destroyed the sixteen hours worth of homecoming decorations that were cluttering up the gym. Teachers failed in their attempts to disturb the fun. The free-for-all would have lasted indefinitely, but the participants ran out of decorations to trash.

Proviso East is this week's 'Pig School Chicago' award winner. Its qualifications include closed circuit tv in the halls and parking lots, twenty-two full-time undercover pigs, and a janitorial staff that doubles as a part-time on-call police force. Principal Joseph I. Woods should be commended for the fine job he has done at Proviso.

Jay Miller, Illinois director of the ACLU (American Civil Liberties Union), was scheduled to speak at Proviso East a few weeks ago. All was well until the school administration decided it did not want any speakers on campus that might arouse the minds of the students. After negotiations, Proviso agreed to let Miller talk on the condition that he give the school an advance copy of the speech. Miller gave the school the text of the speech, delivered it to the students, and took the remaining fifty minutes to conduct an open forum at Proviso.

Witnesses say the forum turned into an oven the students used to cook a not-so-well-liked school official named Milikan. Kids were firing questions at him continually, and most of his replies came out as a stutter.

Milikan finally regained his faculties enough to tell the crowd he would 'allow' two representatives of the students to voice their grievances in the safe and quiet confines of his office the next day. The crowd realized that the thoughts of one-hundred and fifty people could not adequately be represented by two individuals, and refused to accept the bogus offer.

Students who claim they have read parts of New Trier's confidential 'Young Report' say the study is extremely critical of the Amerikan educational system New Trier so literally represents. The school as most others, wouldn't accept the educational reforms of Paul Goodman and John Holt, and now they won't accept the fourty-two thousand dollar report they themselves commissioned. They don't

want anyone else accepting it either, and for that reason those allowed to read the report seems to be limited to New Trier administration and faculty.

A search was recently conducted of WNTH, New Trier's occasionally student-run radio station, and it proved fruitful. It is rumored that the six grams of marijihoönie found in the station was pretty powerful stuff and was a major factor in the administrative council's supposed decision to sing "Let's Go Get Stoned" after their meeting (and refreshment). They also reportedly made it the new school song.

Rich Central is paying off four students at the rate of three-hundred and seventy-five dollars a year each, for being 'monitors' in the school's shithouses. The main duties of the 'monitors' is to report kids who smoke in the johns (naughty, naughty) to the school's 'Big Brother' for appropriate, or rather inappropriate disciplinary action.

Lane Tech High School suspended three staff members of the "Cosmic Frog", the school's underground newspaper, for distributing their first issue on prison grounds. Editor r.w. peluso got a free ten day vacation, Burt received seven days off, and another staff member was also suspended for exercising their right of freedom of the press. Peluso said that school officials questioned him about the paper for some period of time and told him that if he did not sign a full confession he would be arrested. It is intriguingly difficult to determine what there was to confess to doing and for what reason Peluso might be arrested. An injunction is presently being sought against the school. FREE THE FROG!

EIGHT YEAR OLD KIDS ARE SNIFFING LINAMENT AT ALCOTT ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ON WRIGHTWOOD IN CHICAGO. THIS SHIT HAS GOT TO STOP.

MOTHERFUCKERS DEALING DOWNERS, SPEED, AND SMACK ARE NOW TRYING TO UNLOAD THEIR POISONS ON HIGH SCHOOL PEOPLE. THESE PEDDLERS ARE PIGS AND SHOULD BE HANDLED AS PIGS.

High school underground papers have slowly begun to appear at schools throughout the city during the last month. Those that have already been published are "Midnight Special" at Oak Park, "The Plot" at Rich Central, "Cosmic Frog" at Lane Tech, and "Toehold" at Evanston.

Others planned for publication during the next few weeks include "Niles New Free Press" at Niles, "The Bleeding Rose" at Lake Forest, "Hole in the Wall" in Marquette Park, and "Food Press" in the northern suburbs.

Newspapers are just getting organized at Bowen, Bloom, Glenbard, Oak Park, George Washington, and Proviso East.

If you'd like to work on any of the newspapers mentioned, would like to start a paper at your school, or want information about printers and the various high school press services, call Mitch at the Seed...929-0133.

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TEN YEARS AFTER

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**FRANK ZAPPA & THE
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The Syndrome is located in the Chicago Coliseum at 15th & Wabash. Tickets are \$5.00 general admission and available at your neighborhood Ticket Dealer.

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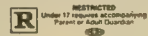
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He Kissed me, and I knew I'd love him Forever



The cover of the comic showed a mass of freaks watching a rock band perform. The comic was *Falling in Love* and the cover story was called "I found my love at the WOODSTOCK FESTIVAL." Wow, I thought, have love comics gotten it together? After reading fifteen varieties of love comics this month, I am sorry to say that they haven't changed much. What has changed is the scene, the costume and the language.

I did a brief synopsis of each of the stories and found most stories are variations on certain myths with which we get indoctrinated when we're quite young. The biggest myth is that LOVE is a stable, on hit commodity found in the oddest places and often through the most trying circumstances.

The most common myths in the comics were "Someday My Prince Will Come", "Pygmalion", "Paranoia", "Morality", "Poor Little Rich Girl", and the biggest myth of all—"The Happy Ending"—they kissed and lived happily ever after.

An example of "Someday My Prince Will Come" was the story of a country girl who turned down the marriage proposal of a local farm boy. To cheer her up, her father takes her to the county fair. A dashing photographer from a big magazine discovers her, takes her picture and falls head over heels for her. His bitchy assistant doesn't like the competition and feeds the country girl's insecurity about "keeping up" in the big city. The country girl turns down the photographer's bid for love because she feels she'll stand in his way, and goes back to the farm with her father. A few weeks later "dashing" turns up at the farm. He'd taken her photograph to the fair grounds and tracked her down. He tells her he doesn't like the city and they live happily ever after on the farm (with the old man).

In the "Pygmalion" type of story the local male charmer discovers the shy girl. He draws her out, builds up her self-confidence and falls in love with her. The girl rejects him and becomes the local femme fatale. Realizing she's unhappy in her social whirl, she seeks out her "creator." They discover that they are hopelessly in love and will only be happy together.

The "Paranoia" myth perpetuates the ideas that you can't trust your friends. For example, Ginny has always played second fiddle to her best friend who is very beautiful. She loses the only guy she loves to her. The friend rationalizes that if Ginny's boyfriend had really loved her, she wouldn't have been asked for a date. The next time Ginny falls in love, she gets uptight because she now believes that all men are susceptible to her friend's charms. Her guy is true blue, though, and doesn't even notice her friend. He thinks Ginny is the most beautiful girl in the world.

The morality myth describes problems common to every teenager, like kissing on the first date. In one story the girl does kiss the boy, but obsesses all the following day, feeling "cheap." He is late for their date that night and she is convinced that he won't show up. He arrives late and tells her that he was embarrassed by his behaviour the night before and thought she might think he

was fresh. The final comment in the story is "Does one mistake always mean it's a fatal one? I guess, dear reader, there are many answers to that question—luckily I got another chance. Will you be that fortunate?" It makes you worry, doesn't it?

The "happy ending" stories have great fantasy value. In one story the heroine was studying to be an actress. Her goal was not to have her name on a marquee, but to meet groovy-looking men. She meets a guy in class and likes him, but he looks too straight. They kiss but she rejects him. How can she commit herself to someone who isn't groovy-looking? Some time later she spots a bearded, long-haired actor and she wants to meet him. He wants to meet her, too. They go out but somehow she can't fall for him. The memory of the other guy gets in her way. "Groovy" finally rips off his wig and false beard and reveals that he is the first guy. They kiss and are happy forever.

When I spotted *Career Girl Romance* comics I thought that it might reflect some changes in attitude. Unfortunately, it offers the same banalities as the other comics.



The careers depicted are airline stewardess, nurse, executive secretary and artist. The artist isn't painting out of her desire to create. She studies art to satisfy her father's frustrated ambition to become an artist. She resists falling in love with a carpenter who she is painting, but finally the guy gets her and suggests that she doesn't have to give up art entirely, she can design houses for him to build.

My descriptions of the myths suggest that I am pretty disappointed to find that love comics are perpetuating the same frame of mind they perpetuated ten years ago. In comics the fantasy still exists that if you kiss someone you immediately fall in love.

What is more appalling is the role in which the woman is placed. Love is depicted as a man WANTING you and finding you attractive; a purely physical attraction having nothing to do with intelligence or personality. Intelligence and personal goals are not taken seriously (in several stories the girl drops out of school to be with the man she loves). Love doesn't develop out of meaningful work and sharing between two people, or even from getting to know each other... it's a magical attraction between a guy and a girl—he wants her, or she thinks he's

the most handsome thing she's seen in days and she has to have him. Considering the popularity of love comics with young girls, it's no wonder many relationships fail, if girls base relationships on superficial criteria like those suggested in the comics.

Other dangers in the myths are obvious... a girl can't trust her friends. A girl's best friend is a man because her girlfriends are always scheming how to get her guy (this is one of the major themes in the teen comics, *Archie* and the rest).

The comics suggest that a girl should be willing to give up everything for real love and she shouldn't think about leading her own life because there'll be a man to take care of her if she plays her cards right. Love comics don't portray women as being capable of leading independent, meaningful lives.

It seems that only the wrapping has changed in the comics. Scenarios now include the jet set, rock and roll, astrology and wild parties. jGuys and gals wear mod clothes but hippies are depicted in a derogatory manner; they are suspect and untrustable. Of all the stories I read, there was only one black character and he was a minor personality. (I understand, though, that there is an attempt at "uni-color" in some comics, and that Marvel comics use minority personalities somewhat regularly).

The artwork needs some comment, too. Characters are always thin, long-legged, with perfect features. The coloring is different than in action comics. There is a heavy emphasis on pastel shades and sometimes you'll find a whole page done with a soft green or a lavender wash. There are less action panels and fewer bold drawings. I understand that the worst artists are assigned to do the love comics. Humor has it that Steranko wanted to do a love story and Stan Lee freaked out. (Could a primarily female audience appreciate a good artist?).

Love comics are perpetuating out-dated and debilitating concepts about being a woman. They feed the need to escape that most females have because of the boring, frustrating lives they live. There seems to be little attempt at giving the reader a contemporary, realistic attitude about life, a woman's relationships with men, her attitudes about herself and what makes life meaningful.

If you accept the premise that comics have the potential to be an effective educational and organizing tool, you realize that the consciousness of the love comics has to be raised. There are a lot of bored and unhappy females out there who need to hear a different tune... Let's find the ways to get it to them.

—GRETCHEN



Comix Supplement

EYEBALL KICKS

Much of the information in this article was supplied by Skip Williamson and Jay Lynch, Chicago based underground cartoonists whose work includes such cartoon notables as Nard n' Pat and Snappy Sammy Smoot. They co-edit Bijou Comix, one of the first of the line, and have also worked on other books (e.g., Zap, Conspiracy Capers, Shangri-La, and Yellow Dog). How they started and how they came together is also part of our story.



MAD

Humor In A Jugular Vein

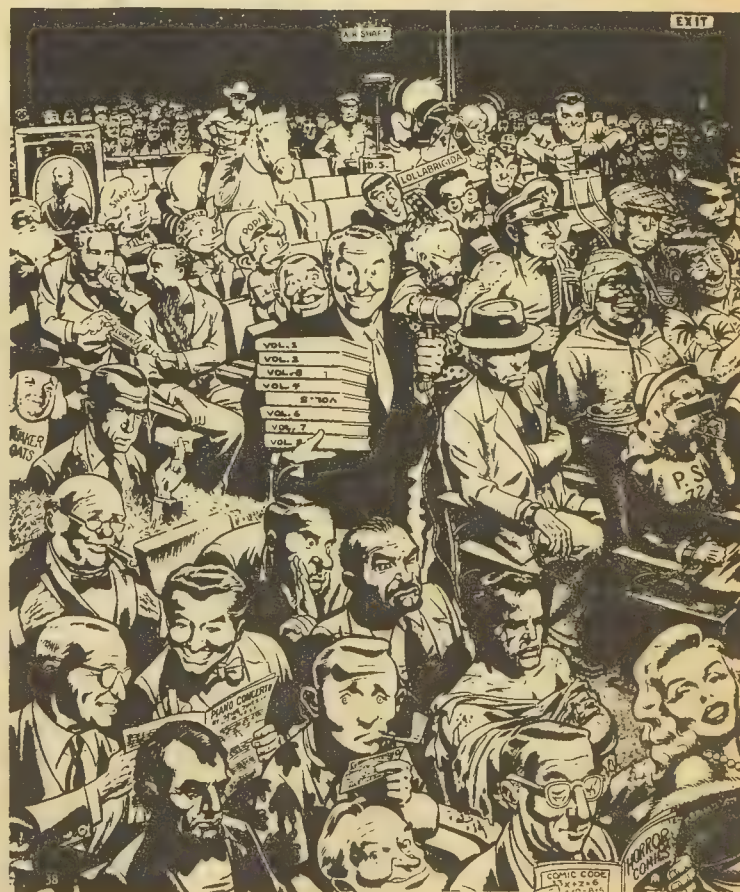


Comic-Book Raid

As a result of charges that certain comic books were contributing to crime, these comic book artists (8) were rounded up today at their hideout where they had stored a number of books, drawing paper and ink. From right to left: they are a crime cartoonist, a "crime" cartoonist, a "crime" cartoonist, a "crime" cartoonist, a "crime" cartoonist, a "crime" cartoonist, a "crime" cartoonist, a "crime" cartoonist.

Comics Go Underground

In this remarkable photo, (the) we see a comic book publisher whose books have been banned from a newsstand, secretly peddling his comics on a back street corner. It is rumored that this is one of the tricks that desperate comic book publishers are resorting to in order to keep their books. Another far-fetched rumor being that they are organizing the comic book to look like news papers in order to sneak them onto the stands. However, this rumor is purely false.



In the beginning, there was EC. EC originally stood for Entertaining Comics, but after Dr. Wertham's book, The Seduction of the Innocent, and the Comics Code which followed, EC gave up on their great horror and fantasy books and began putting out safe titles like 'Psychoanalysis' and 'Piracy'. Under the new and more acceptable name of 'Educational Comics', they also put out a satire comic - MAD. The guiding genius behind MAD was Harvey Kurtzman who, along with brilliant artists like Jack Davis, Wally Wood, and Will Elder, developed the distinctive MAD style which emphasized incredibly busy frames, violence, and humor embellished with New York Jewish references. (The MAD style, of course, had its own progenitors, primarily the work of Will Eisner, who did The Spirit.) Eventually MAD changed from a 10 cent comic book to a 25 cent (cheap) magazine, Kurtzman had a hassle over editorial control with publisher William M. Gaines (you know, the guy whose name appears in big letters on the cover of all those MAD paperback reprints - while Kurtzman's credit is nowhere to be seen), Harvey quit, and MAD was never the same again. Early Maddicts (also called Kurtzmaniacs) will never forgive Gaines or forget Harvey, who later edited a slick humor magazine - Trump - for Hugh Hefner (remember him?) and then two publications of his own - Humbog and Help. Humbog was an artist's book and some of the work in it was fantastic, but Kurtzman and co-publisher Arnold Roth weren't super businessmen and the enterprise left them heavily in debt. Help depended less on artists' work and more on text and photographs. It was around for several years, and provided the first major outlet for people like Robert Crumb and Skip Williamson.

Left to right: Kurtzman cover from Mad in the early pulp days (No. 16). Note the sly swipe at the Comics Code.

Insane graphics by Basil Wolverton, an early contributor to Mad whose style has been an important influence on many contemporary cartoonists.

A typical Mad graphic, drawn by Will Elder. Note that the background is full of weird little touches (called "eyeball kicks") that change from panel to panel. Also keep in mind that ALL the stories and much of the preliminary artwork for Mad was done by Kurtzman himself. This illustration is from the first magazine-sized issue of Mad, which is one of the last that Kurtzman worked on before quitting.

Both Skip and Jay were avid readers of Mad, and both have extensive collections. Skip has most of the issues; Jay, being a "serious" collector, has them all. A full collection of Mad runs into the hundreds of dollars and may someday reach the thousands. That only reason it isn't higher is that so many people recognized Mad's uniqueness and saved their back issues from the clutches of housecleaning Moms.

Consider that the great MAD satire was being done in the 50's - the years of Eisenhower, McCarthy, hula hoops and Davy Crockett. People like Kurtzman were sparks of light for kids with something on the ball, and if you were a comics freak somewhere in the middle of Missouri whose friends still read Boy's Life, what you did was become a fan. Now, comics fans (like science-fiction fans) are a peculiar breed: fiercely devoted to their favorites and untiring in pursuit of almost any examples of comic art they can get their hands on (save Ernie Bushmiller), they can communicate really well only with fellow fans. Fans often mimeographed and distributed little newsletters about the latest developments in the cartoon world, and through the medium of Fanzines began a network of communication that still exists. Through the fanzines, friendships were made and meetings set up. At fan conventions, a hierarchy was established that was as rigid as any in the military. Pro's sit in the front, BNF's (Big Name Fans) sit directly behind the Pros, Journeyman Fans in the next section, and Neo's sit in the rear. One fan organization of high prestige, FAPA, has a several year waiting list.

Fanzines served mainly to distribute information and serve the egos of their editors, but some of the most creative included cartoon strips by the editor, his friends, other fans, and sometimes, just sometimes, a panel drawn by a Pro. A number of artists got their first extended experience writing and illustrating these homegrown publications.

Skip was living in Canton, Missouri at this time and discovered fandom when he mailed in a coupon making him a member of the EC Fan-atics Club. He later enlarged the fans' network with his own fanzine, Squire. Through the fanzine network he met Jayzay, who was a regular contributor to Wild, the first of the humor/satire fanzines. Wild was edited by Don Doler, who, incidentally, invented the flat-topped character known as Pro Junior who still appears in strips by Lynch and Robert Crumb.



Top: A Jay Lynch cartoon from Squire, printed in 1962. Jay drew this when he was 15.

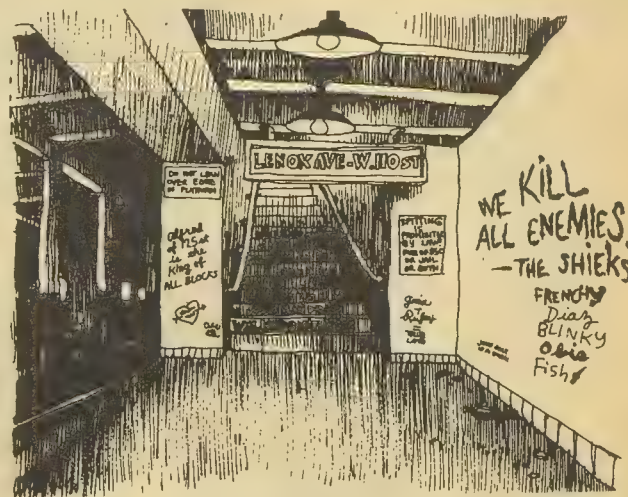
Left: Pro Junior as originally done by Don Doler in Wild, surrounded by Robert Crumb and Jay Lynch's latter-day versions.

In the early sixties, when the MAD generation went off to college and the country began to recover from the stifling decade before, college humor magazines began to reflect the trend. Under the influence of perceptive young humorists (then called 'sick') like Mort Sahl and Lenny Bruce and Paul Krassner, their humor started getting more biting and controversial. Magazines like The Pelican and the University of California and The Texas Ranger at the University of Texas were thrown off campus by college administrators whose assholes had not yet loosened up. These and other magazines like Florida's Charlatan and Chicago's Aardvark (which more or less start off-campus) began to provide outlets for many young artists whose work had previously appeared only in fanzines or sketchbooks. Soon, the work of these artists began to drift into overground publications like Help and Cavalier. Gilbert Shelton's Wonder Wart-Hog, for example, ran first in the Texas Ranger, then Help, and then in its own book.

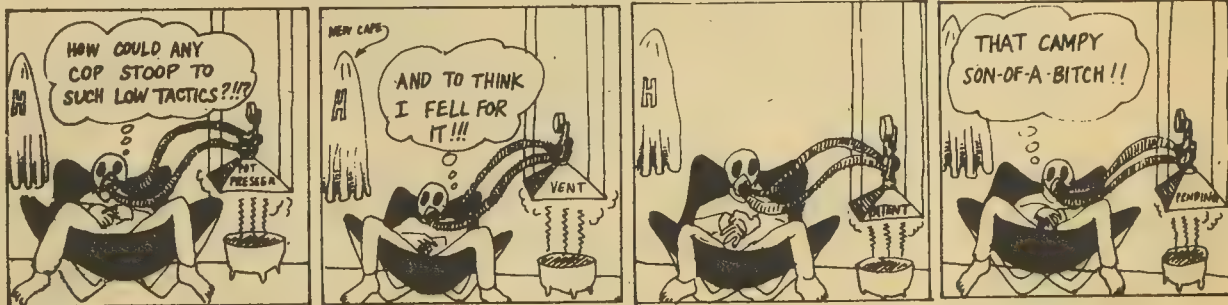


Left: Shelton cartoon from Texas Ranger, reprinted in Charlatan. For a further example of Gilbert's poultry obsession, see below.

Right: Drawing from Crumb's 'Harlem' sketchbook which appeared in Help in 1965.



In 1966, a year before the Seed appeared in Chicago, Jay was the Art Director of a four-pager called the Old Town Newspaper and was formulating plans for starting an Old Town Underground Newspaper. He forestalled these plans until Skip moved to Chicago in 1967, when they collaborated on the Chicago Mirror, an underground-type magazine filled with their own cartoons and satire. The paper lasted for just three issues, and went under in 1968, amidst lawsuits and countersuits between the embryonic Bijou Publishing Empire and their printer. Around this time, Skip's cartoons were in several magazines, including the Realist, and Jay did a psychedelic re-designing of the Realist's logo. A Jay Lynch cartoon appeared in Volume 1 Number 1 of the Seed, and his and Skip's work has appeared often in the Seed and many other underground papers. Skip's cartoon of Judge Julius Hoffman has alone been reprinted by a least 20 UPS papers, in the U.S. and abroad.



Above left: The birth of Sunshine Girl. Sunshine Girl by Kim Deitch was one of the first cartoons to appear regularly in an underground newspaper (the East Village Other). This panel was done in 1967, when sunshine was a lot easier to come by on the Lower East Side.

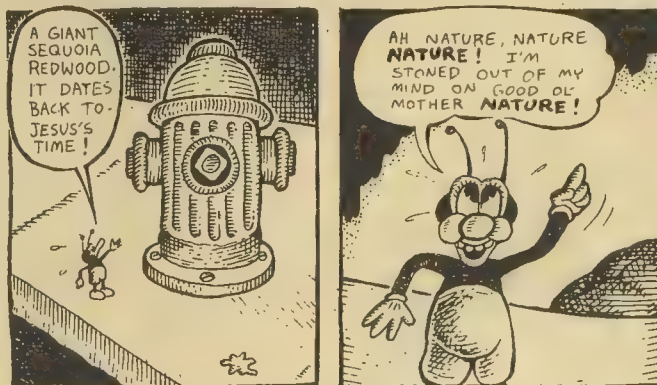
Above: One of the first Captain High strips. Beckerman's hip hero was just about THE first underground cartoon appearing in the UPS papers. This is also from EVO, but dates back to 1966. Captain High, where are you now?

It was, of course, only a matter of time before the underground cartoonists came out with their own comic books - a natural development. Comic books are nice things; they're easy to hold, convenient to read, and allow plenty of room to develop stories and ideas. Also, the nostalgic value of a glossy cover (preferably with an ad on the back) stapled over newsprint pages is incomparable. Zap 1 was written by Crumb and published by the Print Mint in the middle of 1968. This was followed almost immediately by Bijou (Lynch and Williamson) and Feds 'n' Heads (Shelton). Zap 1 has now sold nearly 100,000 copies and the comic books have become so popular and plentiful that they can now be found in stores in almost any decent sized city. They have occasionally been hassled by the law - the blue-nosed DA's and overzealous vice squads have to keep busy, y' know - but these moves undoubtedly increase their popularity even more.

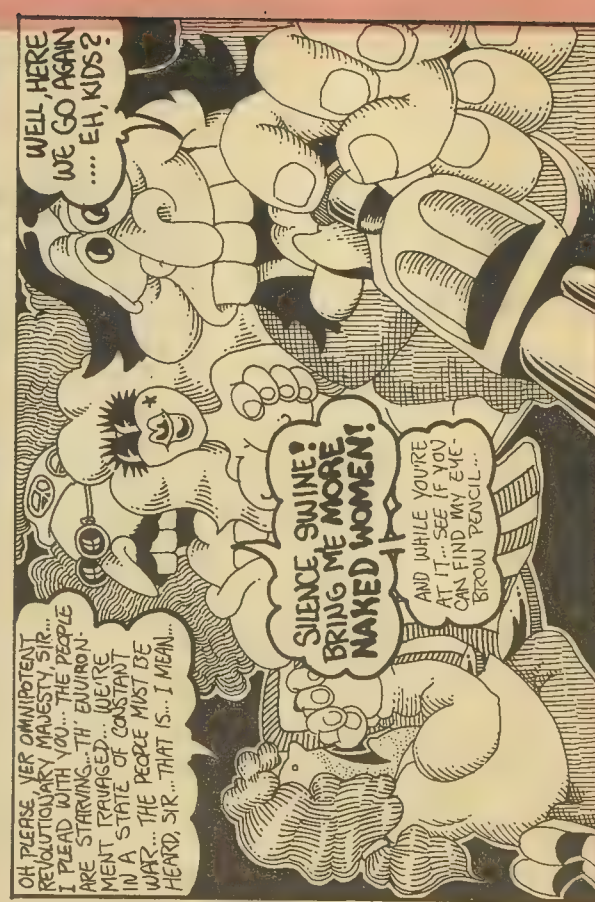
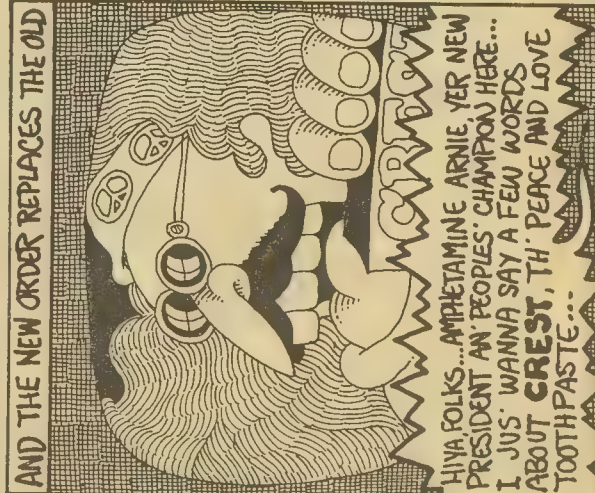
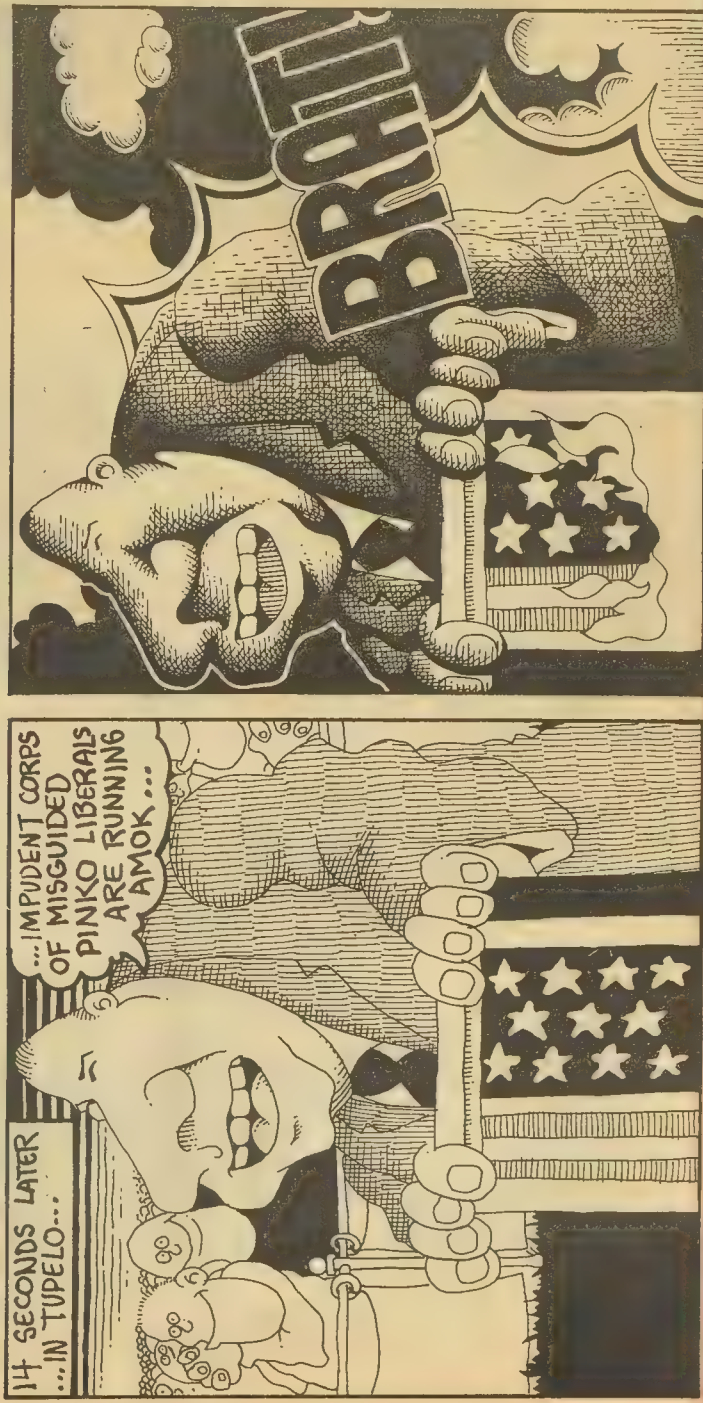
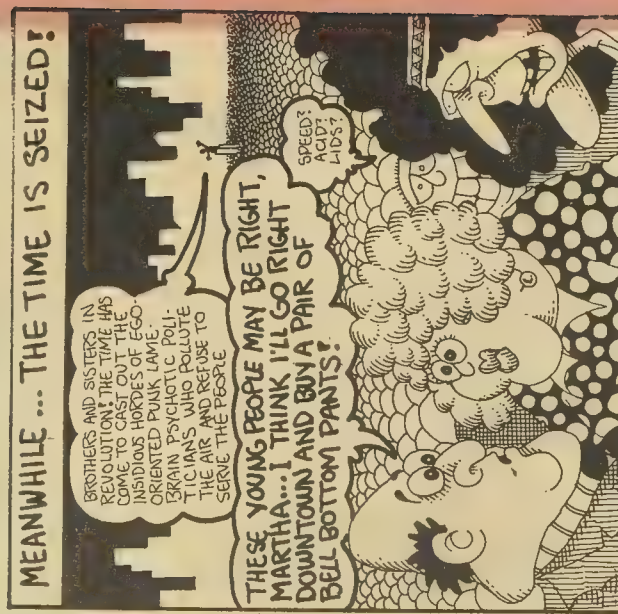
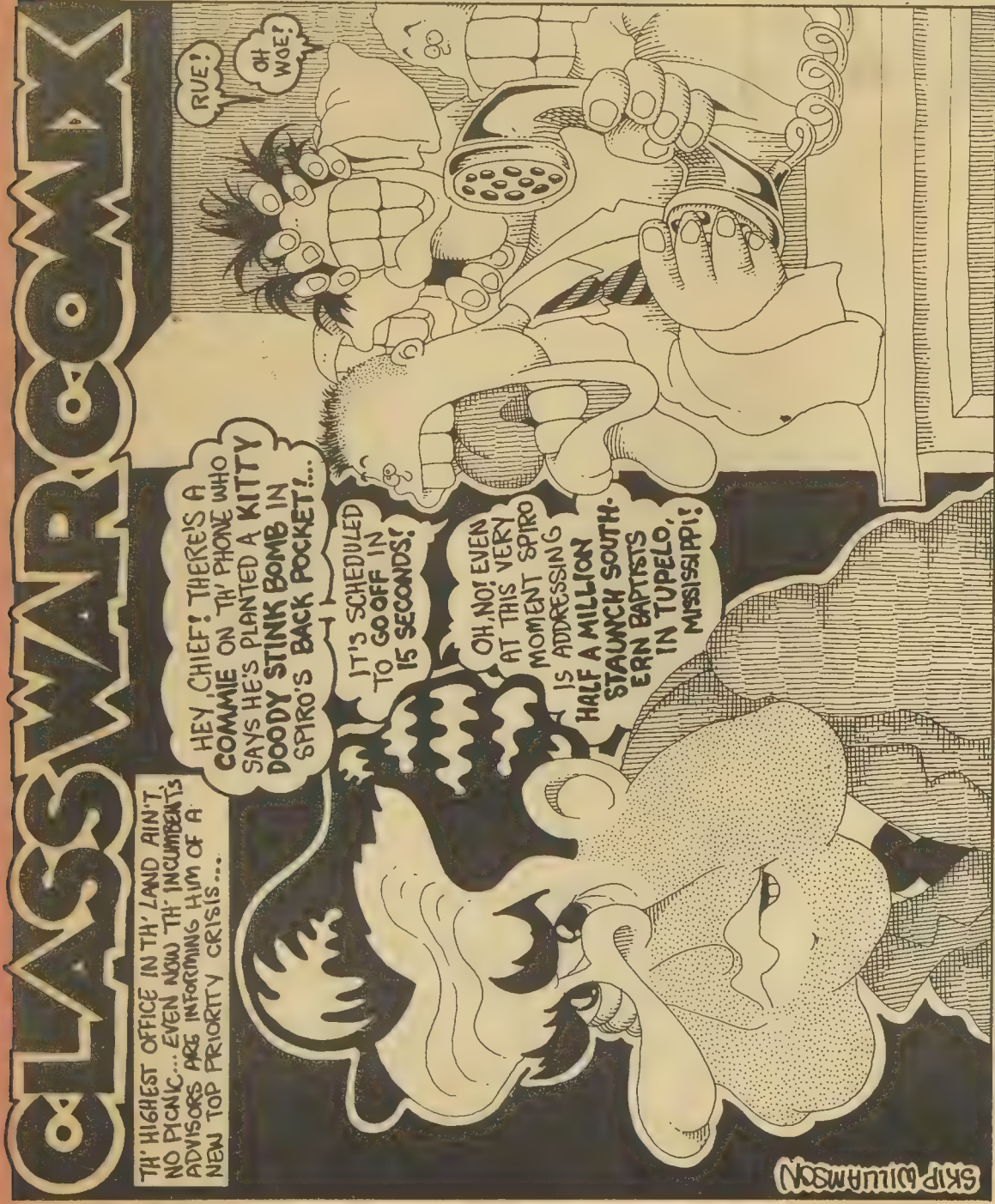
Skip and Jay collectively edited that first copy of Bijou Comix that hit the stands in the early Fall of 1968. Since then, there have been Numbers 2, 3 and 4, and Number 5 is scheduled for publication in a month or so. Aside from Bijou, Jay has also edited Turned-On Cuties, which will appear soon, and has appeared in the magazines of several other cartoonists, including Shelton and Crumb. Skip is responsible for Conspiracy Capers and is in the process of putting together a book of his own material, to be titled Class War Comix, in addition to his appearances in other comic mags.

Below: Buns Buggie spaces out on Mama Nature. From Bijou No.1, which came out just after Zap No.1 in Fall 1968. Bijou 1 had a few Jay Lynch funny-animal strips, including Gus Goosegrease and Fontaine Fox.

Bottom: Gil Shelton set his chickens freeeee in Feds and Heads Comix -- one of the very first of the underground books. Wonder Wart-hog and the Furry Freak Brothers also appeared in Feds and Heads, as did such new innovations as Dissolving Joint Papers.



cont. on
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UP AGAINST THE WALL

GALACTUS

Awright. Suppose you were trying to, say overthrow the government. That's cool, but you're only one person; you gotta get more people on your side. The way you do that is through some degree of education. Education takes many forms—most people learn through their own experiences. You can talk to others, or debate "the issues," but without a lot of hard-core personal experience a lot of folks are too computerized to see things differently.

Okay. So you see to it the young kids don't grow up computerized like their parents (if you have the time to wait). Again, there are many ways of doing this. You could make a teevee show which features Howdy Doody reading Chairman Mao, or Rocky and Bullwinkle fighting J. Boris Hoovernov, but you will probably run into some trouble with the geeks who own the networks. You can try to take over the schools, or set up radical nurseries; but then again, you rebelled against everything you were forced to do in school, the youngsters might do the same.

Nope. The way to educate the youth is to take over the comic book industry. Not with Crumb, Shelton and Williamson, 'cause you don't want the kids coming out too fucking weird. Organize Superman and the Fantastic Four, and try to get Doctor Doom into smashing the state.

All right, now that I've got that little scenario out of my system, let's talk about just where the straight comics (with a "cs" not an "x") are at. Wander into almost any commune, collective or crash pad and you'll find a mess of 15 cent comic books stashed near the couch or the toilet. Bop on down Main street in your favorite college town and you'll discover America's Future buys the current exploits of Spiderman (the guy who's so fucked up even college students feel comparatively normal next to him) or Green Lantern and Green Arrow, or searching out the latest artwork by Kirby, Adams and Steranko.

Unfortunately, the straight comics aren't into smashing the state. Over the past few years, however, they have become quite a bit more aware of their surroundings and are discussing situations which young people must face—and deal with—in today's society. Both major companies (Marvel and DC) have recognized the race issue, Marvel has brought up the topic of women's liberation, and they are each taking hard stands against both pollution and the corporations which are polluting the environment. And some writers at both companies have begun to question the type of society which creates these problems. If the straight comic approach seems rather liberal, don't forget the average readership is between eight and fourteen years old. The straight comics are a lot more responsible than the bubble-gum music which is served up to these same people.

First a bit of history. Most political changes are preceded by a cultural change, and the comics are no different. In the late 1950's, Julie Schwartz, an editor at DC, decided to forget the age statistics and began introducing some heavy science fiction into his characters. He combined this with some really fine artwork, not the usual hack shit normally found in the comic books (there were a few exceptions, most notably the EC comics of the early 1950's—Kurtzman, Wood, Williamson, Krigstein and others). Carmine Infantino, Murphy Anderson, Gil Kane and Joe Kubert started creating a new method of commu-

nications, a new form of storytelling; a merger of script and graphics not unlike the motion picture medium.

In the early 60's, Stan Lee and Jack Kirby at Marvel based an entire series of magazines on this premise. They evolved a sort of 20th Century American mythology in print, and created a world which, although somewhat neurotic, became one of the most popular forms of escapism during the decade. Their excellence as storytellers (along with the others who worked for the company, including Steve Ditko, John Buscema, Roy Thomas and Gene Colan) was kept at a high pace which lasted for six or seven years, and again shows signs of spurting out anew. They were responsible for the publication of the work of Jim Steranko, whose mind-staggering artwork and storytelling brought the entire graphic story medium into public view.

As the comics tried to get closer to a realistic atmosphere, the issues of the day leaked in. The comics became very right wing during the McCarthy era, as the medium came under a lot of heavy bullshit criticism which ultimately brought forth the Comics Code Authority, a method of censorship Hitler would have loved. The Vietnam war came up, and whereas DC chose to ignore it, Marvel became aware of the problem, and passed the issue on to its readers. It wasn't until this year when Marvel took a "stand" on the War; an unfortunately bullshit stand. It was mouthed through the character of Nick Fury, a former super-seargent in World War II and now an ace spy whose world-saving feats makes James Bond look like Max Smart. Fury is usually characterized as a guy who is always quick to bust every bone in his opponent's body (at least as many as the Code will permit):

"Right now we're tied up in a war that a lot of people don't like," Marvel said, through Fury. "But whether we like it or not ain't the point. I ain't sayin' whether we're right or wrong. What I am saying is that we got boys dyin' in a foreign land. . . and they're dyin' because their country asked them to! So I think we oughtta all get behind them, whether we're for the war or against it!" i.e. don't make waves. "Now me, I'm against it myself—but I ain't calling the tune!" Fury then goes off to see the movie Patton. Getting "the boys" out of Nam wouldn't be so hard for Fury; he saves the entire world from sinister super-organizations every month.

Marvel has been rather sympathetic to marches and demonstrations, and has even sympathetically portrayed a Young Lords type organization trying to take over a church. Their letters pages constantly discuss the creeping liberalism in the stories, debates between left and right wing readers, and between both groups and the company.

Where Marvel fucks up is when they try to tie the issues back into their unreal world. The protesters usually turn out to be the unwitting dupes of some supervillain who is trying to take over the universe; the cause might be just, but the villain manipulates them into doing his bidding. (Where have we heard that one before?)

The Code doesn't realize it, but Marvel comics present strong arguments for 1) the fact that crime really does pay after all, and 2) mankind really is inherently evil. The Marvel universe presently has thousands of superpowered humans, but less than a hundred fight on the side of goodness and justice. The evil folk are usually stronger but less

scientifically inclined, or just as smart but have less access to equipment. They are usually captured after a two or three issue fight, but often by a lucky coincidence. They always return to fight again—one villain, the Red Skull, has been fighting Captain America ever since WW II broke out. He has seemingly been killed off dozens of times, yet he has returned to battle various Marvel heroes literally hundreds of times. Marvel villains always have an infinite supply of evil lackeys to assist in the chaos-making.

Marvel has been strong on race issues—blacks have been key human interest figures, and about five years ago one became a superhero. Oddly enough, he was called the Black Panther (this was before most people heard of Huey Newton, Bobby Seale, Bobby Hutton et al) and Marvel hasn't changed his name to disassociate him from the revolutionary organization. Captain America now has a black partner as well.

Tokenism? Maybe, Marvel has no black artists or writers, but an atmosphere of the realities of racism exists, and Marvel makes clear racism must cease.

Women's liberation is a topic that thus far only Marvel has approached. They seem to have a fairly decent grasp of the issue (see the current issue of the Avengers, no. 83). However, the all-male writing and editing staff and the all-but-one male art staff have portrayed their female heroes as very frail with very womanly powers. They are usually unnecessary to the plot—except for providing human interest angles and a method of trapping the male hero into the action. For instance, Susan Storm Richards of the Fantastic Four is able to turn herself invisible and protect herself and others in a womb-like force field. About half the plots in which she has been involved have her husband, super-genius Reed Richards, trying to protect her and keep her out of the clutches of villains like Doctor Doom (the ultimate super-villain). The other heroines include the Scarlet Witch, who can hex a villain into his downfall, the Wasp, who shrinks very small and flitters around, and Medusa, who has very long, powerful red hair.

All Marvel heroines are related or nearly engaged to a male superhero; they depend upon males for crisis support and general guidance. One exception to this is the Black Widow, a Batman-like character who is pretty much like anyone else, except she used to be a Russian spy and, in capitalist America, is fantastically rich.

Perhaps the most outstanding effort produced by Marvel was the short lived Silver Surfer series. The Surfer was the servant of Galactus, a being so powerful he needed the energy of living worlds to survive. Galactus once chose the Earth, but the Surfer rebelled. Galactus saved the planet, but exiled the Surfer for betraying him. The Surfer himself was more powerful than anything on the planet—a trait which made Earthlings distrust him. The Surfer could never understand the distrust, nor could he grasp all the crime and war on the planet. Whenever he tried to help someone, he got kicked in the ass for his efforts. He felt trapped in a world he found hopelessly insane. Marvel spewed forth its heaviest philosophy in this series.

DC, on the other hand, kept out of politics for quite some time. And, with the exception of the artists men-

tioned earlier, DC had let its quality stagnate.

In the mid-sixties, DC ran a strip titled "Enemy Ace," illustrated by Joe Kubert (today, Kubert edits all DC's war comics). Enemy Ace blew a lot of minds, as it started before most people became upset over Vietnam. The hero is a German World War I air ace who shoots down Allied airmen left and right. His fellow Germans call him a killing machine and a murderer. Yet the Ace, a noble Baron, goes through an intense rationalization process after each kill. He salutes each dying opponent, reflecting upon how valiently he fought. He does not believe he is the actual killer, for "it is the skies who is the killer of us all." The artwork was some of DC's best, at the time.

About eighteen months ago, DC got on the pollution and ecology kick, and hasn't let up. The theme has even reached down to the Superman comics, which has the youngest appeal of all the superhero strips. In a three part story, Superman travels through the future and watches the planet break down. It isn't long before people have built cities rising three miles up above the trash. In the next time-jump, Earth is a dead planet, supporting no life whatsoever.

DC spent more time improving the quality of its stories than preaching. It hired a young artist, Neal Adams, who swiftly rivaled Marvel's Steranko in ingenuity. Infantino became director of all publications, and the folks who bought out DC gave them a freer hand. The new owner, by the way, is the Kinney Corporation—the people who run Warner Bros movies and records, and the Reprise, Atlantic, Atco, Cotillion and Electra record labels, as well as MAD magazine. Jack Kirby quit Marvel to write, draw and edit (in other words, totally produce) four titles for DC—one of which is Jimmy Olsen (Kirby handling Superman is mind-staggering). Of the other three (all original),



one incorporates his running mythology theme, used on THOR and the Galactus character for Marvel.

A lot of experimentation in the field of graphic storytelling is currently taking place at DC—the guy who edited Superman for most of Supe's 32 year history retired, and the character is being updated—the plots will become more intelligent, Supe will lose some of his powers and become immune to Kryptonite. Batman, after getting unshackled from the teevee series, has become a highly developed detective strip, often illustrated by Adams. Batman got rid of Robin by sending him off to school, and as Bruce Wayne moved out of stately Wayne Manor into the city.

Earlier this year, DC changed the Green Lantern strip into a model of relevance. Produced by Denny O'Neil and Neal Adams, Green Lantern rescued a fatcat in the ghetto from a couple of "punks." Turning around to get congratulated, GL was hit on the head by a tossed can—tossed by Green Arrow, a hero who went out of business in the early sixties. In the interim, he grew a goatee and somewhat longish hair, and lost all his money.

Green Arrow took GL on a tour of the ghetto, where he ran into an old black man.

"I've been reading about you," the black man told Green Lantern. "How you work for the BLUE SKINS... and how on a planet someplace you helped out the ORANGE SKINS... and you done considerable for the PURPLE SKINS! Only there's 'SKINS' you never bothered with..."

"The BLACK skins! I want to know... HOW COME? Answer me that, Mr. Green Lantern!"

GL and GA spent the rest of that issue smashing the fatcat, who was the biggest slumlord of the city. Unlike the Marvel heroes, Green Lantern and Green Arrow attempt to deal with real problems in a realistic setting. In the next five issues, the two (occasionally with the help of the Black Canary, a resuscitated late 40's heroine) encountered a bunch of Rednecks, an Indian liberation group, and, oddly enough, a sort of Manson murder cult. In last month's issue, the two and a companion are on a boat which is on fire. The ship's cargo is a deadly poison which could explode, so the companion (who is a Guardian from the planet which made GL's power ring) has the crew dump the poison overboard, thereby polluting an already overpolluted lake. The Guardian is ordered back to his home planet, and GL and GA go with. He is ordered to stand trial at a nearby planet of justice, and herein lies the story.

The judge is a dead ringer for Julius Hoffman. He is in total control of the planet; the jury is a bunch of robots. When Green Arrow attempts to testify to his friend's good intentions, the judge orders the three—referred to on the cover as the Conspiracy Trio—gagged. The charge is read as "Having caused the annihilation of the Earth," the jury creaks out a guilty verdict, the defendant is sentenced to death, and GA and GL receive the same punishment for contempt of court. The main theme of the story is ecology (the judgement world was totally computerized, the Hoffman character was a technician who took over), but there is no mistaking the intent. The comic book made a heavier point than most of the one dementional accounts I read of the Conspiracy trial.

The current issue deals with overpopulation and, off handedly, woman's role in society.

A few months ago, Warren Publications, who print three often well illustrated "horror" black and white comic magazines (Creepy, Eerie and Vampirella) took their entire inside front cover and declared themselves against the Southeast Asia War and the government's policies which bring about such occurrences. Three years ago, they published an anti-war magazine, Blazing Combat, edited by Archie Goodwin and illustrated by Gene Colan, Frank Frazetta, Al Toth, Wally Wood and others.

Not very surprisingly, the people in the "straight comics" who are doing the most to educate and radicalize the nation's youth are the people at MAD Magazine, the daddy of the underground comix. Whereas they claim they attack both sides with equal fury, MAD spends more time knocking Amerikan Culture (movies, teevee and advertising), and have come down very heavily on the Nixon-Agnew regime. By now, most politically minded people have stopped laughing at Agnew the Greek, but again, MAD's average readership is twelve years old, and have learned from MAD that America's leaders deserve no respect. Occasionally, the hippie culture is knocked around, but rarely with the fury MAD uses for the government.

The current issue of MAD is subtitled "The Magazine of the Loud Minority." The back cover has a future campaign poster, "The Spiro of '76." Inside is a copy of the Silent Majority magazine ("50 cents, each penny of which says 'In God We Trust' and those commie kids better believe it!"), which has a picture of the Disneyland YIP-in with two bouncers dressed up as Goofy and Mickey Mouse. Goofy says "If they (the hippies) can't look like civilized human beings we don't want them in here!"

I said earlier Marvel has slacked off quite a bit in the past year or so. This seems to have ended—this month, for instance, has the Avengers' woman lib story, and Spider-Man and Daredevil finish off heavy two-parters.

Another Conspiracy trial take-off is presented in Daredevil; this one is comparatively lame. Three kids were charged with trying to blow up a hotel in which Agnew was speaking, the D'A' knows they'll get off. In the interim, a Carl McIntire-type super-right-winger pops up dressed as a super villain/judge called "The Tribunal," and tries to hang them by a kangaroo court. The scheme is disrupted (by Daredevil, natch), and the real judge finds them not guilty. The issues get lost in the usual neurotic world of Marvel, and, true to the Code, justice and authority triumph.

Spider-Man was, as usual, heavier. I can't get in to all of Spidey's traumas, as it would fill up about a dozen issues of Psychology Today, but basically, a fatcat is running for office on a heavy law'n'order platform and wants

bust Spidey's ass to prove he's a pig. A black assistant editor tries to expose the candidate for what he really is ("I know what you think of minority groups and the plans you've got for them!" "Anyone ever tell ya you know too much, black man?"). At the end of the story, the candidate is at a fund raising banquet, does a little number where "I will show NO MERCY to the ANARCHISTS and all the OTHERS who would DESTROY our way of life!" The black editor busts in with Spidey, blabs the truth and everybody at the banquet believes them. Marvel's answers are too neat, simple and naive.

(Marvel recently started a series based on the CONAN stories, drawn by Barry Smith and written by Roy Thomas, which has the potential for being the greatest piece of graphics storytelling published. The famous Stan Lee, by the way, is very slowly turning over the responsibility of editing the company to Thomas and Bill Everett and he is expected to retire when his contract expires in 1973).

The straight comic book medium is by and large almost as radical as today's "underground music"—particularly when you consider comics are normally read by a younger audience. They fit in nicely as a part of the youth culture which unfortunately depends upon establishment corporations for financing and distribution. The comic books (not newspaper strips, which are a different trip) are far less right-wing than the bubble-gum music to which most comic readers listen. In terms of educating the people while entertaining them (which is the only way people will allow themselves to be educated), "straight" comic books are doing a surprisingly effective job.

—mike gold

Illustrations: Left (top): Gene Colan puts Captain America through some heavy soul-searching, c)1969 Marvel Comics Group. Above left: Jack Kirby's version of Superman flies through the premiere issue of the Forever People, to be released in early December, c) 1970 National Periodical Publications. Below: Neal Adams (inked by Dick Giordano) illustrates a Green Lantern/Green Arrow sequence where the two heroes have to stand before an amazingly familiar judge, c)1970 National Periodical Publications.



GUILT COMIX

"Did your mother ever tear up YOUR comic books? Did you ever receive warnings about how comix books were going to ruin your MIND? Were you ever given lectures about how comics were CHEAP TRASH put out by evil men? Do you feel a spark of GUILT every time you pick up a comic book? Do you feel like you ought to be reading a good book instead?" (R. Crumb, Zap Comics) *Cimis*

Yeah, practically all of us were fortunate enough not to have enlightened parents, so reading Zap, Bijou, San Francisco Comics, and Tasty makes us feel a little guilty but also makes reading them much more fun. All of our repressed fantasies are there on the comic page. . . sadism, masochism, violence of all varieties, psychedelic stuff, and SEX.

Sex seems to be something that nearly all of us are hung up about, and the cartoonists are no exception. Since the underground comix don't have the Comics Code Authority to stifle them, cunnilingus, fellatio, bare bodies, genitals and "dirty" words are all there.

It is in regard to how women and sex are portrayed in the comix that Women's Liberation takes offense. For instance, the cover of Captain Guts, no. 2, has the blond, crew-cutted Captain Guts fighting (and it looks like he's losing) with a bare-assed black woman. The caption is Captain Guts smashes Black Power.

In the story Fillmore Grinchbottom (Capt. Guts) spies a voluptuous black woman as he walks home from his establishment job. He says "Wow, look at those tits," and his immediate association is that she is a prostitute. He drinks a beer (which transforms him into Captain Guts) and decides to teach the "black whore a thing or two." There it is; one of America's most common sexual fantasies: a beautiful black woman must be a whore. Captain Guts is a parody of the stereotypes of American thought and fantasy, but woman as she is portrayed there and in the other comics is a dumb person whose major

functions are to get laid and/or nag her old man.

In an attempt to find out why most cartoonists don't have more awareness of women as anything but big-boobed sex objects, I talked with Skip Williamson. Skippy began by telling me about the origins of the underground comix. Skippy, Crumb, Jayzey Lynch, Rory Hayes and a few others decided to do their own comics because they came from a different background than the artists who do straight comics. What they communicate in their strips are their fantasies, not straight stories. Their art is illustrated fantasy, right out of their heads.

That's good to know, so you can differentiate underground comix from straight comics, but what does that mean about the cartoonist who is obsessed with woman as a sex object? The conclusion that Skippy, his wife Cecil and I came to was that what the artist drew was where his head was at. Cecil illustrated this point by describing the attitudes of some cartoonists she knows. Some expect that women are there to serve men, feed men and pick up after them; i.e. glorified servants.

The obvious question is "how do you change the way the cartoonist thinks?" Skip felt the change has to be internalized. Some underground cartoonists try to do less sexist work, but their internal attitudes haven't changed so that their art doesn't come off.

All of the cartoonists have had confrontations with members of women's liberation and have had to answer accusations of sexism. Most of them remain defensive and haven't raised their consciousness.

What the comix presently depict is the sickness and hung-upness inside most of us. Perhaps getting this out in the open is the first step, but how do you raise the consciousness of both the artist and the reader? How do you change the artist so that he depicts women as equals?

One way is for women to get into more comix work. The artists need to be challenged continuously so that they are aware of what they're doing. Perhaps if there is shared experience, attitudes will change. More impor-

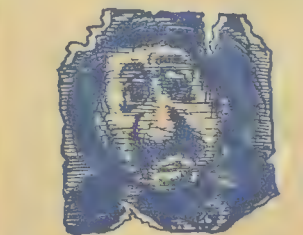


tantly, women doing their own comic strips will offer alternative fantasies to what presently exists.

I asked Skippy why there weren't many women doing comix. He cited Trina and the staff of It Ain't Me, Babe comix as the only women in the field. Skippy says that women are welcome to work on comix like Bijou and that they would be treated according to what they produce. I hope that women who do cartooning will get involved in the comix scene and begin to offer alternatives to what's available now. The only way to find out if women are really welcome is to get in there and do it.

On the back of Motor City comix Crumb makes the point that comix get the message to the people, so let's make sure that they get a revolutionary message, not a reactionary one.

—GRETCHEN



THIS TINY BATTERED PHOTOGRAPH MAY BE THE FIRST ONE EVER TAKEN OF MR. NATURAL, BUT THE EXPERTS HAVE DIFFERENT OPINIONS. BACK OF PHOTO IS INSCRIBED WITH THE NAME "FRED" BUT IS NOT MR. NATURAL'S HANDWRITING.



Top left: Two "early pictures" of Mr. Natural. Mr. Natural is probably the best-known single character in the underground comix, and Crumb has just released the old pooperoo's first solo flight. Included is "The Origin of Mr. Natural", from where these early snapshots are taken.



Top right: Mr. Natural demonstrates the non-materialistic way to Flakey Foont and a few of his equally uptight friends. Right on, venerable sage!

Left top: cover panel by Greg Irons for Skull comix, a new entry from the Rip-Off Press. Irons has also done his own book, called Heavy Tragi-Comix.

Below near left: panel by Dave Sheridan from Skull. Sheridan's work was first seen in the Berkeley Tribe.

Below far left: panel from Dan Clyne's Hungry Chuck Biscuits that appeared in Shangri-La. Clyne's work appeared first in Conspiracy Capers, and he will have his own book out soon.



As underground comix began to catch hold and sell, The Print Mint found it profitable to publish more and more titles. In recent months, there has been a noticeable decline in the quality of the new mags, more chaff among the wheat. As the situation now stands, the Print Mint will publish the work of almost anyone who can get together 32 pages of comix. In the meantime, several San Francisco comic artists have formed their own publishing company - The Rip-Off Press - to assure a better deal for the artist. Similar projects have been started in Washington (Tasty Comix), Detroit (Motor City Comics by Crumb) and Milwaukee (Mom's HomeMade Comics). Beneath the surface of the disappointing new wave, however, there is a growing crop of good new artists who will make their mark in the near future.

Among the other possibilities for the future of the underground comics are 3-D comix (soon to come out of Detroit) and full-color comic mags. These will probably look something like the early issues of MAD magazine. Which is where we started.

Eliot Wald/Leon Gussow

THIS USED TO BE

THE FOOD PAGE—

NOW IT'S JUST

LEFTOVERS!

ALLIANCE FOR PROGRESS

The following is from a citizen of Uruguay, now in the United States, who, for obvious reasons, does not want his name used:

"The Intelligence Department of the Uruguayan police is in charge of the main operations against the Tupamaros. For a long time, the chief of the department was Alejandro Otero. He was respected even by the Tupamaros because of his stand against torture and a kind of 'gentleman-like' attitude. Otero resigned and declared in a Brazilian magazine (thereupon forbidden in Uruguay) that he did so because he felt his position was being overstepped by Dan Mitrione.

"Allegedly, Mitrione was also in charge of security in the new U.S. embassy building. Incidentally, this building, designed by Pei, is a concrete fortress with half-inch thick bullet-proof Plexiglas in the windows. Building costs were well over \$10 million—an expensive honor for a small and unimportant country.

"For some weeks now, there have been rumors that common delinquents would be let loose on the political prisoners in the main jail of Punto Carretas. Because of the previous ability of jailed Tupamaros to communicate with the outside, visits, letters, and outside food have been suspended. This has created resentment among the non-political prisoners—a situation that might lead to an 'accidental massacre' ... Unfortunately, I only have time to read the Times on Sunday. Until last Sunday, I felt that Malcolm Browne is giving a fair account, considering the small space allocated to the 'colonies.' Last Sunday, however, he was less accurate in that he does not give enough emphasis to the very real possibility that there might be a qualitative change in the war being waged by the government. I don't think it was reported here that a prominent general dispersed a group of people by shooting out the eye of a photographer who was doing his job for a newspaper, not even an opposition newspaper."

THE FBI HAS STOPPED PROCESSING

The FBI has stopped processing fingerprints for gun permit applications from state & local police departments because of a lack of funds. Most police departments are continuing to issue gun permits anyway. A patrolman in the gun permit office of the Detroit Police Department said, "There's no doubt about it, anyone who wants (a gun) can get one."

The number of gun permit applications has been steadily increasing throughout the nation, particularly in cities where there have been racial clashes.

MORE PENIS NEWS

Jim Morrison was acquitted of lewd and lascivious behavior and drunkenness but was found guilty on charges of indecent exposure and profanity in Dade Criminal Court, Miami Beach.

The state charges Morrison feigned masturbation, oral copulation and exposed himself lewdly.

His lawyers are appealing.

W. CLEMENT STONE, CALL YOUR OFFICE

The U.S. Government has gone into a new business; they're selling war-risk and hijack insurance to the airline companies at a cheaper rate. The airlines are eating it up since private companies threatened to raise their rates 15% in the wake of the recent hijackings.

Pan Am bought the largest coverage; \$1.5 billion to cover 21 jumbo jets and 713 other planes.

SOCIAL DEVIANTS

SUSAN SAXE

KATHERINE POWER

These two women are charged with the murder of a policeman in a Boston bank robbery. According to the FBI they are members of a "small, revolutionary-type organization which, in addition to attacking military and police forces, reportedly advocated violent attacks against established society and robbery to further their aims and provide financial contributions to such organizations as the Black Panther party." They have achieved the ultimate in being placed on the FBI's 10 most wanted list, a list that actually contains sixteen fugitives.



BIG BROTHER IS PEEPING AT YOU

Big Nells is a legendary brothel in Newburgh, N.Y. scheduled to be rehabilitated and preserved with urban renewal funds. It's back-door neighbor, historic Dutch Reformed Church is slated for demolition. It has been reported that Newburgh city officials were astonished that Big Nell's is operating at full tilt and has been for 20 years. The city building inspector has classified the establishment as a one-family residence with 16 occupants. One wonders if the city building inspector was considered part of the family or merely an overnight guest.

ADS GET YOU HIGH

According to Dr. Joel Fort, cigarette commercials are contributing to the use of marijuana. "By teaching people the acceptability of smoking tobacco, we are indirectly teaching them the smoking of marijuana," said Fort.

He also said cigarette ads play on the theme of escaping to a better world through smoking. It's only a short jump from tobacco to marijuana.

HIP CAPITALISM DEPARTMENT

Federal agents posing as members of a left-wing group busted 4 people in downstate Danville on charges of possession and transfer of explosive devices. They attempted to buy 700 pounds of explosives "to blow up the Federal Building in Chicago", and then busted Michael McMahon when he tried to deliver it to the agents in the parking lot of a restaurant. Three more suspects were arrested later, one of which, a 16-year old, was brought in by his father.

In order to promote Law and Order and to foster increased respect for the authorities placed over us by the natural course of events, the SEED is proud to inaugurate a new special feature! Know Your Enemy.

This is a series of small articles culled from the so-called 'underground press' on the tactics that the opponents of this great system of ours are using to disrupt and destroy our way of life.

We feel that an informed public is an effective public, and that knowledge is the only way to stop the so called revolutionaries from destroying our nation.

God Bless You.

The "Fish Bomb"

Take out a safe deposit box, preferably under an assumed name. One year's rental is not expensive. Get some material which will begin to decompose, preferably fish, pack it and place it in your box at the bank of your choice.

When packaging remember that decomposing matter will expand at a slow rate, so leave a little room in the box.

Not only are banks prohibited by law from opening safe deposit boxes on their own initiative, but how can they tell from which box the smell is coming? Well, eventually they might discover it, but if they open your box before the rental runs out (after one year), you might even consider making a court case out of it. I mean, your mother might have given you the fish before she left Chicago and you wanted to make sure that the fish didn't get ripped off.

Couple, three fish boxes, and who knows?

THE MAD BOMBER

More Stink.

Pouring crude oil down bank night deposit boxes is always fun, but next time try mixing it in with some obnoxious-smelling liquid. Buteric Acid works very well, a little goes a long way and the smell lasts for days. It smells like vomit, very very smelly vomit. There are a lot of stinks that come in bottles, just check out a chemistry lab and do some ripping off. Buying the stuff can be a hassle if you're remembered and the police come by the place you bought it.

Mothballing motors.

About ten or so naphtha mothballs added to a car's gas tank will totally destroy the engine. It's much better than sugar, since the naphtha acts as a super fuel and explodes in the combustion chamber with enough violence to drive rods and pistons clear out, and maybe even crack the block.

EVERYWOMAN NEEDS YOU!!!

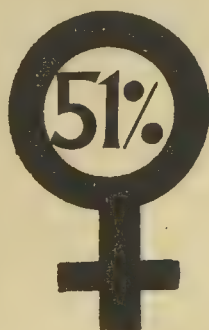
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FUCK YOU



REGISTER YOUR DISSENT AGAINST THE ESTABLISHMENT. EXPRESS YOUR OPINIONS - SEND NOW FOR THIS FINE RUBBER STAMP. COMPLETE WITH RED INK PAD: CAN BE USED ON TAX BILLS, PARKING TICKETS, TAX RETURNS, LETTERS TO CONGRESSMEN, LETTERS TO CORRUPT JUDGES, LETTERS TO NIXON, DRAFT BOARDS AND A THOUSAND OTHER WAYS.

WHO, ME?



Send \$3.00 with your name and address to FIGHT BACK NOW
P.O. Box 315, Arlington Heights, Illinois.

STONES FANS STONE PIGS

Hundreds of German freaks last week tried to crash a West Berlin concert by the Rolling Stones but were driven back by cops using tear gas, clubs and a water cannon. Several cops were injured by stones thrown by fans.

ATHIESTIC APES ATTACK AG

In Pittsburgh, 39 people were arrested in demonstrations outside a downtown hotel in what was called the "most violent outbreak of dissent directed against Vice President Spiro T. Agnew since his current campaign swing began. Those arrested were charged with burning the American flag, trying to run down a policeman, disorderly conduct and obstructing traffic. Police used dogs and clubs to break up a crowd that refused to move only to see it re-form a few blocks away. Although Agnew didn't mention the demonstrations, he did manage to say, "A clique that cleaves only to one view is not a political party at all in our American tradition; it can be no more than a cult, unsuited to lead the nation."

OINKERS OFFED

The next time you're in Toledo, Ohio, calling some pig a "pig", be prepared for a possible sentence of 30 days and a \$50 fine. The new city ordinance also added that persons making such noises such as "oink oink," would also be subject to arrest. According to the city Safety Director, Clifford Quinn, "Imitating noises made by such animals can also be construed as verbal abuse."

OIL GETS THE BIRD

Are you tired of getting all those credit card invitations in the mail? If you are, you should follow the example of Richard Haynes of Buffalo, N.Y. who took one of the oil company credit applications, filled in his parakeet's



name and address, left all of the other spaces blank and mailed it back to the oil company. About three weeks later, back came a credit card made out to "Parakeet Haynes".

GIVE PEACE A CHANCE

The peace symbol, or as Carl McIntyre calls it, the broken cross of the anti-christ, may soon become the trademark of the Intercontinent Shoe Corp. or Luv, Inc., a clothing manufacturer in Miami.

C.M. Wendt, director of the Patent Office's trademark examining office said they rejected a wine company's application to trademark the Madonna, but the peace symbol is different.

"If this were the accepted symbol of the Quakers, or any organized religious sect which is absolutely pacifistic, we would not register it, Wendt said.

"But it's a far cry from that to use by the hippie movement, those who flout all the conventions of organized society." Besides, he said, "It's commercial use will not hurt the peace movement

anyway."

Harold Koenig, president of Luv, Inc. asks, "What's better than love and peace?" He also said he was "not learned enough about the facts to have an opinion on U.S. policy in Vietnam."

KABOOM

Two live grenades were discovered Tuesday night in packages addressed to Israeli offices in London. They were defused by army experts.

GIVE PEACE A CHANCE???

In direct defiance of the recommendations of the Presidents Commission on Campus Unrest, State Adjutant General S.T. Del Corso said the Ohio National Guard will continue to carry loaded rifles when called to campuses.

According to Del Corso, "You can't protect the public with empty guns."

Loaded weapons are a defensive weapon," Del Corso said. "Police carry loaded weapons and they don't do that with plans to kill people."

Meanwhile, at Bowling Green State University in Ohio, Bill Kunstler called Ohio's new anti-riot bill "an absolute horror of legislation designed to impress and intimidate."

"The law will always be used against the people by those in power for their own purposes when they feel threatened, he said."

Kunstler told his audience that last spring's disorders on campuses around the nation welded students together for a common cause.

He also added, "Other generations are dehuman creatures. Students must prevent themselves from being their own parents, recreated."

BE COOL

People are advised to be cool in the South suburbs in light of a recent dope bust in Dolton, Illinois involving over 100 pounds of grass.

Pink Floyd Atom Heart Mother



THIS IS A COMMUNITY BULLETIN BOARD, NOT A CLASSIFIED AD SECTION. THE SERVICE IS FREE, BUT NOT ALL NOTICES CAN BE RUN FOR THE UPCOMING ISSUE IF THEY ARE RECEIVED TOO LATE. IF YOUR AD IS DATED, SEND IT IN ABOUT ONE MONTH BEFORE THE DEADLINE DATE, SO AS TO ASSURE ITS APPEARANCE. WE ACCEPT CONTRIBUTIONS FOR RUNNING THE NOTICES. WE'VE TRIED TO ELIMINATE RIP-OFFS, LEGAL TURN-ONS, MODEL ADS, DATING SERVICES, HIP CAPITALIST CRAP, AND GENERALLY QUESTIONABLE STUFF. WE STILL CANNOT VOUCH FOR THE SINCERITY OR LEGITIMACY OF ADS, AND IF YOU STILL GET RIPPED OFF, LET US KNOW. ADS ARE NOT ACCEPTED OVER THE PHONE—BRING THEM IN OR MAIL THEM. WHEN YOU GIVE US THE AD, INCLUDE A PHONE NUMBER AND ADDRESS WHERE WE CAN REACH YOU IF THERE IS A QUESTION. THEY CAN BE WITHHELD FOR THE ASKING. WE MAY ASSIGN SEED BOX NUMBERS TO ADS OF A POSSIBLY PERSONAL NATURE TO ELIMINATE CRANK PHONE CALLS ETC. IF YOU STILL HAVE ANY QUESTIONS

Free City

COMMUNITY MEETINGS — EVERY MONDAY
AT 7:30pm at the IWW HALL, 2440 N' LINCOLN

FREE CITY EXCHANGE is Chicago's own community switchboard, an information exchange that's not supported by the City or the state or some capitalist. It depends on you for support. FCX is for exchanging information, offering places to crash, info on health care, rides, jobs, legal aid, draft counseling, runaways, bad trips, and lots of other things. In order to give out this information YOU have to give them some information. So, if you have a place for someone to crash, a job, a ride to somewhere, etc, give the Exchange a call and they'll get the info to whoever needs and can use it. 281-7197.

Free City Exchange needs more than just information. They're in the throes of a perpetual financial crisis and are also getting evicted. They've been allowed to stay at the old office (2261 North Lincoln) for a while longer, but they still haven't been able to find a place. Help them out if you can. 281-7197 281-7197 281-7197 281-7197

THE DEPOT is a southside (Hyde Park) center for runaways. They're good people who'll help you out and won't turn you in to the porkers. Call 955-9347.

KOOLAIDE is a new near Northside center trying to coordinate straight agency services, push those agencies to provide the services they claim to offer, and to plug people into referrals. The agencies range from Looking Glass and Cadre through radical therapists and churches to city-run offices. Call 664-0505 if you need medical treatment, legal services, draft counseling, someone to talk to during a bum trip, etc. The office is at 12 East Walton, and is open from 1pm to 2am Monday through Thursday and 24 hours on weekends. 664-0505

LOOKING GLASS is a runaway center located at 1725 West Wilson Ave. If you've done run off and abandoned your parents and the cops are after you and you got no place to go, go to Looking Glass. They won't turn you in and they may be able to help you. Call 334-2601. They also have a legal clinic every Tuesday and Thursday from 8 to 10pm.

PEOPLE'S INFORMATION CENTER 2154 North Halsted has information available on the Black Panther Party, the Young Lords, Rising Up Angry, and other revolutionary organizations. They carry the Panther paper, Rising Up Angry, and other papers and information booklets and books. 549-8626.

SUNSHINE AIDE (Y. E. S.) is a branch of the Southwest Citizens Alliance with Youth, and provides help, information and referrals on drug emergencies, crashpads, runaways, abortion referrals, medical and legal aid, plain old rapping, etc and so on. 767-1565. 4220 West 59th St, 59th and Tripp.

Y.A.T.S. Youth Aid Telephone Service is around to give aid, information, or just rap. If you can use them or need them, call 775-2211 — nothing will be done without your consent. They deal with runaways, bum trips, family and school problems, pregnancy counseling, etc. If you need to rap about anything, call them. Any evening or night at 775-2211.

YOUTH AND COMMUNITY OUTREACH of Palatine is at 37 North Plum Grove Rd, in Palatine. They have referrals on drugs, schooling, family problems, pregnancy, legal aid, VD, pig hassles, crashing, jobs, medical aid, etc. Open 24 hours a day — 358-6702.

RADIO FREE CHICAGO is on every night (or morning, if you will) from midnight to 5am with lotsa good music and some good raps by people in the community. The Suzy Creamcheese Collective runs it Thursday and Friday at midnite; Rising Up Angry is on Saturdays at midnite, and various other wierdos take charge the other nights of the week. Call 273-3330 and rap with the people, or call if you have any news or community announcements you want to make.

TRIAD is on WXFM, 105.9 from 8pm to midnight Monday through Friday. You should listen - good music, good people.

UNDERGROUND NEWS of Channel 44, Monday through Saturday at 11:50 to midnight. Get the news about your brothers and sisters, the only good news on the tube.

Community

ALICE'S REVISITED at 950 West Wrightwood is open every night except Monday. Check the Seed Calendar for schedule of events. Alice's is a political, social and cultural center for our community. They have information boards, space for rapping or playing chess, great blues bands on the weekends and thursdays, folk music, raps, theater groups, just about everything. They also have some good food and some good coffee. More people are needed to help expand their programs, especially the Children's program Saturdays. Donations are \$1.00 on weekends, 50 cents other times, and always 50 cents for GI's.

THE BOOKSTORE LTD. trades, buys and sells books, takes drafts and almost anything on consignment. They have access to an industrial sewing machine for those who know how to sew, and highly potential market for individually styled clothes — bring your own materials or sew with their on a consignment basis. 2478 North Lincoln, stop by.

FREE CITY CLOTHING is now at Concerned Citizens Survival Front, 2512 North Lincoln, and at Free City Exchange. If you need it, come and get it. If you got it, go and give it.

FREE JOB CO-OP. Volunteers from the Chicago Fine Arts Guild are now staffing the new Free Job Co-op at the Jane Addams Center, Hull House, 3212 Broadway. They are creating new jobs as well as drumming up the old ones. Besides people who want a job, they NEED houses, garages, etc, to paint, interior and exterior. They've got lots of skilled men, good references, and the guarantee professional quality. If you need a paint job, good work at good prices, please call them today. 549-1631.

FREE CITY FOOD is into supplying free feeds for the community, and into opening up a food coop and a community pantry. They need help to do this, so call them at Free City Exchange (281-7197) and find out what you can do to help.

FREE CITY CHRISTMAS Toys needed — new or repairable for Children's Christmas program at Alice's Revisited. Drop them off at 950 W Wrightwood.

FREE CITY TRANSPORTATION is now established. If you have any free time and something to drive, and you dig helping people, contact Yusuf at the Free City Exchange, 281-7197.

FREE STORE at the Youth Help Center of Grace Lutheran Church wants all the old stuff you don't need — things like old books, clothes, furniture, money, etc, so they can set up a free store. Bring your old stuff to the Church at 555 West Belden from 11am to 5 pm weekdays, or evenings by calling 929-3553.

GRACE LUTHERAN CHURCH at 555 West Belden holds free feeds every Wednesday at 6pm (if you help prepare it), has advice on problems between parents and runaways, and has leads on housing, health, etc. Their phone is 929-3553 and is open 24 hours a day.

HARPERS FERRY ORDNANCE has rifles, shotguns and shooting supplies. Hours are from 11am to 5pm Saturdays, and thier at 180 North Wacker, room 605.

VISIT A P.O.W. The Black Panther Party has begun a program to enable visits by family and friends to prisoners being held in the jails in the state. Rides are being arranged to Joliet, St Charles, Sheridan, Vandalia, Menard, the House, and others. Call 243-8276 for more information. If you know of any organization or church or individual who has access to transportation and can donate some time to the project, call 243-8276 or Rising Up Angry at 472-1791.

WHOLE EARTH STORE, 545 Dempster in Evanston, is a bookstore that's in it for a lot more than the money. "Community copies" of each book on sale are available for reading in the store, and people are asked to bring books by so that a circulating library can be set up. Also planned are the stocking of some of the materials listed in the Whole Earth Catalog and rap groups on Ecology, health, community, counter-culture, and radical politics. Call 491-9555 for info.

Organizations

THE ILLINOIS CHAPTER OF THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY publishes a community bulletin, operates seven community centers, three breakfast programs, a medical center, and the National Committee to Combat Fascism. They need money, breakfast foods, office equipment and supplies, mimeos, paper, and cars. The office is at 2350 West Madison, phone 243-8276.

COMMITTEE OF RETURNED VOLUNTEERS is an organization of returned overseas volunteers (peace corps, etc) doing research into American Imperialism and is working in support of all anti-imperialist movements. They're at 840 West Oakdale, call 477-3340.

CONCERNED CITIZEN'S SURVIVAL FRONT is a leader in the struggles around urban removal, racism, adequate medical care, decent food and clothing programs, and the overall needs of poor and oppressed people in the Lincoln Park Area. Give them a call at 348-6842 or stop by the office at 2512 North Lincoln Ave. Volunteer help is always welcome.

THE EVANSTON PEACE CENTER has a draft counseling service, a library and a bookstore among other good things. The regular hours for the center are from 10 to 4 every day. For information on the draft counseling service hours, call 475-2260.

WOMEN'S LIBERATION — See the good numbers section and call one of the centers listed to find out what's going on -- there's too much too even start listing here.

Pregnancy counseling and services are available through Jane's (Women's Liberation) at 643-3844.

GAY LIBERATION is dedicated to freedom for homosexuals to live without fear of repression and to develop points of solidarity of gay people with other oppressed peoples.

Chicago Gay Liberation.....525-5268
U of I, Circle Campus.....day....663-2645
night...528-0564
Roosevelt.....525-5268
South Side.....

Mattachine Midwest.....334-2244
Third World Gay Revolutionaries 684-1531
U. of Chicago.....493-5658

CHICAGO BRANCH OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD is part of the oldest genuine radical labor organization in the US. The office is at 2240 North Lincoln Ave, the phone is 549-5045. The hall is available for meetings, socials and benefits, but needs a lot of work, so why don't you drop by and help out? Volunteer office help is welcome. Call them for help in job situations that are in need of labor organizing. Meetings are the 1st Friday of every month.

LADO — The Latin American Defense Organization is from the Latin community to the near Northwest side of Chicago. LADO was founded in September of 1966 and has concentrated on attacking the problems of welfare recipients. In addition, LADO has acted on a number of complaints of police brutality. The latest programs are the Center for People's Health, and in addition to the Welfare Union, LADO is organizing around the problems for workers in the community, creating a mass involvement in the organization. Call 276-1909 or go by the office at 2353 West North Avenue for further information.

LA DOLORES WOMEN'S LIBERATION CENTER is at 2150 N Halsted, and their phone is 935-0364. La Dolores has lots of programs: introduction to Women's Liberation; rap groups; Marxist study groups; Women's history groups, self defense classes, a day care committee, to mention only a few of the programs. The center is open every day until around 11pm. Call or stop by.

MEN AGAINST COOL are a group of men trying to deal with the ways in which men oppress women, other men and themselves. They are holding continuing rap sessions on these and other related topics. For more information call 248-9622 or 477-9771.

MOVEMENT FOR A DEMOCRATIC MILITARY is trying to get a little democracy into the armed forces by organizing active duty GI's and reservists. They operate a bookstore and office at 1303 Morrow in North Chicago. For info call 689-2525.

NORTH SIDE COOPERATIVE MINISTRY is involved in too many programs to list here. They are working in the areas of promoting peace, low income housing, education through a Headstart program, common pantries and a bail service. They need volunteers, food, lawyers, medical supplies, and bail money. Call 281-0690 if you need what they need or you have what they need. 2507 North Greenview.

PONTIAC FOUR DEFENSE COMMITTEE had been set up to defend four Chicagoans accused of ripping off a draft board in Pontiac. They need money to cover the heavy bond and legal expenses, legal fees, etc. Mail donations to the Committee at 542 South Dearborn, room 1403. They need volunteer office help and people who can set up speaking engagements. 427-3072.

RISING UP ANGRY is an organization of brothers and sisters both grease and freak throughout the city. They publish a newspaper, hold open raps, cool out fights between the gangs and try to get the people together to fight the real enemy. Box 3746 Merchandise Mart or call 472-1791.

STUDENT HEALTH ORGANIZATION (SHO) works to bring health and medicine to the streets. They are involved with several of the medical centers listed here, and the welcome, need, volunteer help. Help smash the profit oriented medical industry. 1613 E. 53rd, 493-2741.

THE YOUNG LORDS ORGANIZATION fights for the right of Puerto Ricans to exist in decent conditions, and for a Free Puerto Rico. They have been the target of heavy police harassment and are in desperate need of bail money and legal expenses. Call 549-8505. 834 West Armitage.

THE YOUTH INTERNATIONAL PARTY is dedicated to the overthrow of government, authority, money and morality. Leave messages in the hollow tree at the northeast corner of Lincoln Park. For more information call the red squad.

Directory

Health Centers

BENITO JUAREZ COMMUNITY HEALTH CENTER is located at 1831 S. Racine, and it's open every Wednesday nite. Call 243-4844 for info on services.

COMMUNITY HEALTH CENTER OF ENGLEWOOD is at 140 West 62nd Street and is open on Monday and Wednesday night. Call 955-3220 for information.

DR. E. BETANCES FREE PEOPLE'S HEALTH CENTER is operated by the Young Lords Organization at the People's Church, 834 W. Armitage. It serves people living south of Fullerton Ave in the Lincoln Park area. Call 549-8505 for hours and services or contact Alberto Chavira at 549-2927 for information on how you can help keep the center in operation.

CENTRO PARA SALUD DEL PUEBLO is operated by the Latin American Defense Organization for the people in their community. Call 276-0900 for information and hours.

THE FRITZ ENGELSTEIN FREE PEOPLE'S HEALTH CENTER is at the Holy Covenant Church, Wilton and Diversey. It serves people living between Fullerton and Barry and between Clark and Racine. Hours are Mondays from 6 to 9pm and Wednesdays from 3 to 9 pm. It provides medical care, checkups shots, disease tests, referrals for health, housing and legal problems, child care and education in family health care, first aid, and nutrition. 348-6842. The center is in desperate need of doctors and nurses, so if you qualify, please see if you can help them out.

IRENE JOSLIN CLINIC is at 405 Central Avenue in North field. Call 446-8910 for hours and services.

SPURGEON "JAKE" WINTER FREE PEOPLE'S MEDICAL CLINIC is operated by the Black Panther Party and provides free health care for the community. They are at 3860 W 16th Street, 522 3220. Donation of money and medical supplies are always welcome

YOUNG PATRIOTS UPTOWN HEALTH SERVICE is at 4408 N Sheridan Rd, 334-8957, and is operated by the Young Patriots Organization for the people of Uptown. Hours are from 7pm Monday through Thursday. The clinic will NOT treat cases of VD for people not living in Uptown, since that service is available free from the board of health. The center needs money to continue to operate, supplies and drugs cost plenty \$\$.

WELLS-DARROW EVENING MEDICAL CENTER is at 624 East 38th Place. For further information call 373-0514,

Legal Aid

AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION handles cases where points of constitutionality are involved. They won't usually take drug busts or ordinary riot cases. The office is at 6 S Clark, phone 236-5564.

COUNTER-CULTURAL LAW PROJECT is a group of lawyers and law students who want to help with the legal hassles of living a free life in Chicago. If you are living the revolution and are being hassled, call the project at 649-8576. 360 E. Superior St.

LEGAL WELFARE CLINIC is held every other Tuesday from 6 to 9 pm at the Concerned Citizens Survival Front. Call 848-6842 for info.

THE PEOPLE'S LAW OFFICE handles criminal cases free to members of revolutionary organizations, others according to their ability to pay. 2156 N Halsted. 929-1880.

Printing - Art

J.S. JORDAN MEMORIAL PRINTING CO-OP prints for the community at co-operative rates. Donations of paper and printing supplies are welcome at this Wobbly shop (IU 450). 6710 N Clark. 973-0219.

OMEGA POSTERS prints for the community. Omega grew out of the CADRE printing program. They can print sizes up to 11x17 inches in four colors with separations provided. 711 S Dearborn. 939-7672.

RED STAR PRESS prints for the community at reasonable rates and fine quality. They can do four colors up to 17x22 inches, and they will be happy to teach you how to run a press of your own. 180 N Wacker down by the scenic Chicago River, or if pollution makes you ill, call 641-1576.

WOMEN'S REVOLUTIONARY ART COOP has formed to help women break the chains of the colonizing brainwashing that they have been subjected to all thier lives and to open up another front against the Amerikan Fatherland. Art Belongs To the People! 935-0364. Meetings are at La Dolores Center Wednesdays at 7:30pm. 2150 N Halsted.

Classes

THE PEOPLE'S SCHOOL is operating on two fronts — survival through learning technical skills in communications and liberation through student-developed curricula — ranging from academic courses in Afro-American history to running a saturday evening coffe-house. They have been operating a student-run food coop as well. Call 561-6737 for information on classes or programs. 4408 North Sheridan.

FREE UNIVERSITY — courses on Allen Ginsberg and Communes, other courses are planned. Call 477-9771 for more info.

FREE CITY U' course on communes as an alternative life style, requires only your interest in a better way to live. Call 338-7149 for more details, time, days, etc, usw.

Draft

CAMP has counselors at the following locations to provide advice on discharges for hardship, CO and other outs, as well as lawyers for Court Martials, political problems, etc. for active duty servicemen:
AFSC: 427-2533
CADRE: 664-6895
MCDC: 427-3350

AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE — 427-2533.
CHICAGO AREA DRAFT RESISTERS: 519 West North, 664-6895.
MIDWEST COMMITTEE FOR DRAFT COUNSELING : 427-3350.

NORTH SIDE
Wellington Ave Draft Counselling: Wellington ave Congregational Church, 615 Wellington. 935-0642.

Uptown Draft Information Service: Hull House, 4520 N Beacon. 561-8033. Monday.
CADRE: 519 W. North. 664-6895.
Ravenswood-Uptown Interfaith Fellowship. Barry Methodist Church, 4754 N Leavitt, 784-3273

SOUTH SIDE
Chicago Black Anti-War, Anti-Draft Union. 446 S. Michigan Ave, 11am to 6pm daily.
300 E 39th St (YWCA) 7 to 9pm Tues, Thurs.

Hyde Park Draft Information Center: 5615 S Woodlawn. 363-1248.
Mandel Legal Aid Clinic, 6020 S University. 324-5181

South Side Draft Information Center: 2355 W. 63rd, 2nd Floor. 925-3686.

WEST SIDE

Lawndale Draft Counseling Program. 277-3140 or 762-2010 after 6 pm.
Austin Draft Counseling Center. 5903 West Fulton 626-9385.

SUBURBS

Gary - Lake County Draft Information Center, 3525 Jefferson, (219) 887-5037
Evanston — Peace and World Affairs Center, 926 Chicago, 475-2260.
Maywood — West Suburban Draft Counseling Center, 100 S 19th Ave, 344-2343.
Lombard — Draft Counseling Center, 1 South Park, 2nd floor, 629 - 9146
La Grange — Area Draft Information Group, 24 West Burlington. 352-6677.

Techny — North Shore Draft Information Group, Divine Word Seminary, 1835 Waukegan Rd, 272-2700.

Naperville — Council of Churches Information Center, 34 S Washington, 355-0210.

Oak Park — Village Draft Counseling Information Service, 1st Presbyterian Church, 931 Lake Street, 383-1872

THIS SPACE AVAILABLE

The listings on these pages are open to any community/ political group in the Chicago Area. No ripoffs, capitalists or fools need apply. If you're not listed here and think you should be, call Dick at the Seed, 929-0133. Please notify us of any changes in the listings. We are forced to reserve the right to refuse any listing. because of space limitations.

FREE CITY EXCHANGE	281-7197	MDM	1303 Morrow	689-2525	Breadbasket	548-6540
Kool Aide 12 E Walton	664-0505	Black Panther Party	2350 W Madison	243-8276	Men Against Cool	248-9622
Y.A.T.S.	775-2211	Patriot Party	1210 Montrose	784-1266	Comm. of Ret. Vol. 840 W Oakdale	477-3340
Youth & Community Outreach	383-1872	Concerned Citizens	2512 N Lincoln	348-6842	Community Legal Counsel	726-0157
The Depot	955-9347	IWW	2440 N Lincoln	549-5045	Lincoln Pk Rights Center	525-9775
Sunshine Aide 2440 W 59th	767-1565	Young Patriots	4400 N Sheridan	334-8957	ACLU 6 S. Clark	236-5564
Looking Glass (runaways) 1725 W Wilson	334-2601	LADO 2353 2353 W North		276-0909	People's Law 2156 N Halsted	929-1880
Grace Church (runaways) 555 W Belden	929-3553	Young Lords 834 W Armitage		549-8505	Counter Cultural Law Project	649-8576
Alice's Revisited 950 W Wrightwood	528-4250	Pontiac Four Def Comm 542 S Dearborn		427-3072	Mental Health Clinic 1900 N Sedgwick	642-3531
Seed 950 W Wrightwood	929-0133	Chi Peace Council 343 S Dearborn		922-6578	VD Clinic (free) 27 E 26th St	842-0222
Rising Up Angry 2261 N Lincoln	472-1791	Peoples School 4409 N Sheridan		561-6737	Student Health Org 1613 E 63rd	
Chicago Defender	225-2400	YAWF 3435 N Sheffield		248-8082	Young Patriots Clinic 4408 N Sheridan	334-8957
Second City 2120 N Halsted	549-8760	Student Mobe 9 S Clinton		332-1108	Planned Parenthood 185 N Wabasz	726-5134
Chicago Journalism Review	644-5255	YSA		248-8082	Young Lords Clinic 834 N Armitage	549-8505
Radio Free Chicago	273-3330	GAY LIBERATION			Fritz Engelstein Health Ctr	348-6842
People's Info Center 2154 N Halsted	549-8626	Chicago Gay Liberation		525-5268	Abortion Counseling	643-3844
Job Co-op 3212 Broadway	549-1631	U of I Circle Campus	day	663-2645		
N Side Coop Ministry	281-0690		night	528-0564		
		Roosevelt U		525-5268		
WOMEN'S LIBERATION						
Women's Liberation Union	927-1790					
S Side Women's Ctr 5406 S Dorchester	DO3-1348	Mattachine Midwest		334-2244		
La Dolores 2150 N Halsted	935-0364	Thirid				
W Side Women's Ctr 2874 W Cermak	927-1790	Third World Gay Revolutionaries		684-1531		
Revolutionary Art Coop	935-0364	U of Chicago		493-5658		

MUSIC IS NEWS

A chronicle; a prediction; a reflection. A mirror to the world. Did the Egyptians sing "Up Against the Pyramid, Pharoah"—? Music: of the people.

Take Me To The Mountains—Shiva's Headband: Charles Carper, in the *Daily Cougar*, wrote, "Shiva's music can't change nature, but they can naturally sing and take some of the sting out of living." An armadillo ecstasy.

If: Seven men making momentous music; finding new dimensions; making things happen. From England, with brass and beauty. "If is a must." (Chris Van Ness, *L. A. Free Press*)

Quatermass: A record to hold in your head. Hear from start to end; then share, joyously. Music from life, or from science fiction; or maybe they're the same.

Mongrel—Bob Seger: A total musical experience. You'll find that your favorite cut on the album keeps changing, the sign of timelessness and now.

Listening to Richard Brautigan: More than any other, Richard Brautigan is the poet for our lives. Here he shares some of his stories, and you're a part of his family.



on Capitol
and
Harvest



One of a series of drawings by John Van Hammersveld.



"Keep on tellin' me about the good life,
Elton, because it makes me puke."



COLUMBIA PICTURES
Presents
a BBS Production

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NICHOLSON

**FIVE
EASY
PIECES**

KAREN BLACK
and SUSAN ANSPACH

Screenplay by ADRIEN JOYCE

Story by BOB RAFELSON and ADRIEN JOYCE

Produced by BOB RAFELSON and RICHARD WECHSLER

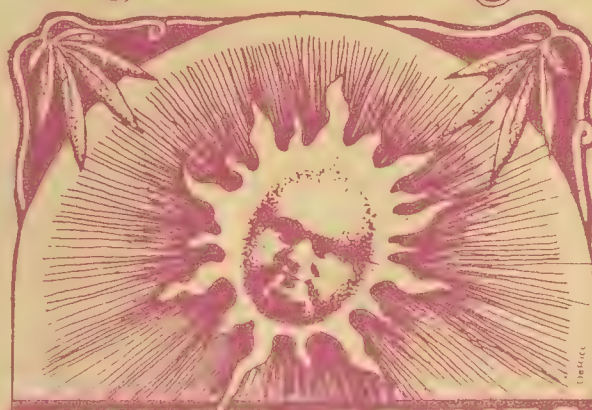
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MOVIES



FIVE EASY PIECES

FIVE EASY PIECES is one of the least interesting films I've seen in a long time. Jack Nicholson plays an unhappy oilrigger who is really a talented pianist but gave it all up because he couldn't stand his musical but impersonal upbringing so decided instead to find salvation as a member of the working class but discovers that even that won't work if you can't Feel and can't Communicate and all you ever do is move away from people and situations and commitments. He meets a girl who is beautiful and musical and bright and upperclass so he figures it's high time to start moving towards something, only she's the mistress/student of his brother - a monstrous fellow who was a violinist until he sprained his neck and had to take up the piano instead - and she rejects him. So he's back where he started again. Which is nowhere.

Our hero never really comes to grips with anything. Neither does the film. Everything is couched in terms which are simplistic and obvious. Thus, when our hero (named Robert Eroica Dupea, by the way) returns home to confront his dying father - a fearsome patriarch who, supposedly, was responsible for all his son's problems - the old man is paralyzed and can't speak, and so the film is relieved of the responsibility of setting up a real father/son confrontation, a task which is probably beyond the capabilities of all involved. The home itself is such a caricature of stifling intellectualism that our reactions to it are determined from the very beginning. The film is always taking the easy way out - a trait which, I suppose, it shares with the protagonist.

The best performance in the picture is by the Puget Sound.

-Leon

THE BABY MAKER

THE BABY MAKER is a stupid movie. I hope that you don't bother to see it. I want to ruin it for you by giving away the story.

First, the characters. The baby maker herself is a 'hippie chick' who likes brief encounters with lots of people. She is depicted as free, liberated, life-loving. Her favorite thing is being pregnant. With a smile on her face, sometimes with a little frown on her forehead, she fucks over the people around her. Her name is Tish. Tad is her boyfriend. Tish and Tad. Tad does a few groovy things. He gets high a lot, plays with Christmas tree balls in the bathtub, makes leather clothes with long fringes. Tish decides to have a baby for a couple that can't have kids. She expects Tad to be kind, considerate, cooperative. He gets angry now and then, but most of the time he just sits around at home and passively puts up with the inane scene.

Suzanne Wilcox is the empty vessel. She's about 35 years old, highly neurotic, super uptight about not being able to produce a Jay Jr. Jay Sr. is an efficiency expert. He is one of straight society's good-looking men. He seems to love his wife in his own way; he never thinks about sex with other women, he follows her wishes in every way. He doesn't seem very interested in having a namesake but is willing to go along. Suzanne and Jay live in a house with lots of goodies, including a swimming pool and all of the Frank Sinatra records. They are politically liberal, bored, 'unfulfilled'.

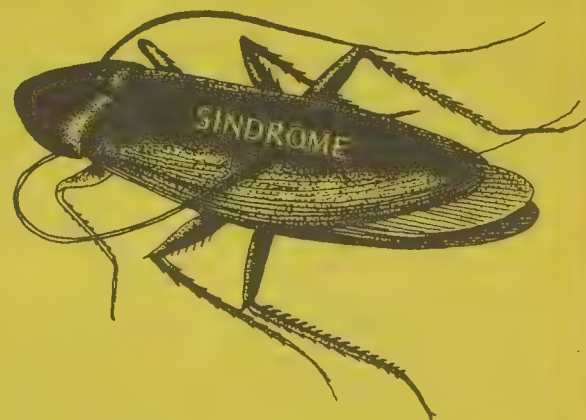
Now, the capers. Tish, Suzanne, and Jay agree that Tish and Jay will fuck once or twice; the three of them will be friends for nine months; the couple will get a baby; Tish and maybe Tad or Tish's poor old needy granny will get \$2500, \$150 a month living expenses, plus \$100 bonus if it's a boy. This film is 107 minutes long, but it's hard to remember how this amount of film time was consumed. Only pieces stand out, like Tish's informing Tad of the bargain she has struck. They are in bed together, high. Tad says 'Far out,' period. Then there are nauseous segments of Suzanne and Jay in bed, with Suzanne reading out loud minute details about pregnancy and Jay staring off into space. About six times during the course of this film Tish walks down a sandy beach to a background of narration of 'During the second month of pregnancy, the baby's arms. . .', 'During the third month. . .', 'The foursome visits Tish's 'radical friend' Charlotte. Charlotte has bad teeth, a wart, a nose that looks like a U-turn, and a lot of political inconsistencies. There's a little anti-war guerrilla theater. A fairly good light show scene is interrupted by the camera's focusing on Tad's attempt to hussle an attractive 'black chick' and the inevitable dope bust. Tish, Suzanne, and Jay go together to the LaMaze natural childbirth classes; Tish exercises; Jay works with her; and Suzanne tries not to look out of place. I kept wishing that the sound track were played backwards or that circus music would replace the vapid folk guitar.

Once Tish and Tad romp on a really far out slide. Afterwards, Tish begins to bleed. I was really excited. The slide was great, and it seemed possible that the film would be aborted. But no. About fifty more minutes of meaninglessness elapsed before the excellent portrayal of Jay Jr.'s natural birth. Soon thereafter, Tish receives the money; the baby is in Suzanne's arms; Jay says that the baby will have all the Dylan albums; everyone assures everyone else that they are great people. Tish and Jay briefly embrace as Suzanne and Jay Jr. go to the car.

Ready for the ending? Tish stands at the top of a hill overlooking the California coast line. With her hair blowing softly over the little frown on her forehead, she watches the Wilcoxes in their second-car station-wagon disappear around the bend. All this, to an insipid song, 'People Come, People Go.'

Some reviews describe this film as 'socially relevant,' 'sensitive,' 'touchingly human,' 'a delicate subject handled well.' I presume that the themes are alienation, people's fears of closeness, fucked-up marriages, parts of hip cultures' alternative, pregnancy. Each of these is superficially handled. The plot is almost decadent, always vacuous. The music is hair-brained. The photography is not bad, but hardly worth the admission price. The scenes of our culture are bad cartoons. 'The Baby Maker' should have been miscarried to the incinerator.

-Penny



Dick Gassen's syndrome can be diagnosed as money. The blatant obviousness of that must be contrasted to our hangup: we continue to attend shoddily implemented rituals to Thanatos. Death pervades the atmosphere everywhere in this newest of rock n' roll tombs. Planted in the bowels of that swamp of American psychosis the Syndrome (on occasion known as the Chicago Colesium) is a fitting place for rock and roll generation to die.

7 to 10,000 people came to fifteenth and Wabash to see and hear the aristocrats of the Grand Hype, Grand Funk RR. Also on the bill, Humble Pie, Chase and Brethren. That would make the opening concert a success. The gross take for the night was between 35 and 50,000 dollars. Yet Gassen, in the grand old tradition of promoters, pays his staff \$15 a night for long hours of work in the midst of concert chaos and madness. The promoter's greed is a tame one compared to the concessionaires. Cigarettes went at 75 cents a pack; drinks 50 cents and sandwiches a dollar.

The continued financial success of a ballroom like the Syndrome is the death rattle of the Stoned Rock age and the significance of the music as an aspect in the transformation of the Behemoth Amerika. Elvis shook his hips fifteen years ago (so the tale is told) and a whole generation quivered in orgasmic response. October 1970 and we pack ourselves into large slaughterhouse buildings and await the newest extravaganzas of high noise level (decibels have become the currency of the whiter brighter rock aesthetic) and vibrate with the muddled architectural resonances.

Dick Gassen has missed the obvious choice for a concert hall: the Stockyards. He could call it the Children's Crusade. So it goes. The Coliseum had its LBJ un-birthday party, etc., but what about the 43rd and Halsted site of the monster bumper concert of the 60's - the Democratic Convention. Imagine the headliners: Sick Dick and the Elrods.... Gassen, in his attempt to join the ranks of the great rock promoters, has opted to accept for his motto: "Keep on packin' 'em in." No matter that the stage is 20-25 feet off floor level and the sound system produces thunder that ping-pongs around the cavernous building. That the people are paying is a wondrous display of masochistic solidarity.

Our fair-haired, gentle-faced nouveau rock entrepreneur once spoke about resurrecting the Kinetic Playground and bringing in "low key" entertainment that relied not on large surges of electrical power, but on that elusive human quality: warmth and concern for the audience. Perhaps Gassen ought to reinstate gladiatorial contests or similar displays of elementary violence - such entertainment is befitting the hall he has chosen to do rock promotion in Chicago.

There is a slim hope that Gassen will re-evaluate his project and include in his future plans some thoughts about the people whose money he is ripping off. Nonetheless, we owe him our gratitude for speeding up the destruction of rock concerts as a big business.

GOOD LUCK AND BEST WISHES



Dick



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COMMUNITY

OCTOBER 22 -- Open House at the new office of Women For Peace, 343 South Dearborn, Room 601. 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Stop in to rap, pick up literature. For further info. call 922-6580.

OCTOBER 22-24 -- Demonstrate in Newport Indiana against the Newport Chemical Plant, which stores a type of nerve gas. Leaflet the Plant the 22nd and 23rd. Rally and guerrilla theatre on the 24th, in the town square. A bus will be leaving the Chicago Peace Council Oct. 24 at 7:45 a.m. \$6.00 round trip. Call 922-6578 for reservations.

OCTOBER 25 -- Peace Rally, Fountain Square in downtown Evanston. 3 p.m. Speakers include Eva Jefferson, of Northwestern University. In case of rain, rally will be in First Methodist Church, 1630 Hinman. Sponsored by the Community Congress. For further information call 328-8916.

OCTOBER 25 -- Family Fun Fair, to raise money for The Looking Glass. 3 p.m.-10 p.m. at All Saints Church, Wilson and Hermitage, in the Kinetic Room. Games, prizes, food. Admission free. For further info. call 334-2601.

OCTOBER 30 -- NOVEMBER 1. -- Introduction to Non-violent Action for Social Change. Weekend discussions and training. Sponsored by Non-Violent Training and Action Center. For specific information call 955-5582 or 427-3072.

OCTOBER 31 -- Anti-war March and Rally. „Bring All the Troops Home Now.” Assemble 1 p.m. State and Wacker. March down State Street to the Rally (3 p.m.) at Grant Park Bandshell. For further information call 922-1068.

NOVEMBER 5 -- Benefit for Spurgeon "Jake" Winters Medical Center. At the Colonial House 914 E. 79th Street. Film "Chairman Fred." Cocktails 7:00-8:00 p.m. Dinner 8:00 p.m. Donation \$12.50 per person. Sponsored by the Black Panther Party. For further information call 522-3220.

NOVEMBER 13-14 -- Benefit: rummage sale/art fair at Immanuel Lutheran School Gymnasium, at Lee and Thaker, in Des Plaines. Friday 4 p.m. At 10:00 p.m. films of Charlie Chaplin, "The Gold Rush" and "Easy Street" (admission \$1.00) Saturday: sale begins 8 a.m. Films at 8 p.m., "When Comedy was King" and "Big Business" with Laurel & Hardy. Sponsored by highschool students in Northern suburbs who are starting a storefront information center for H.S. students (draft counseling, rap sessions, etc.) Help them make it a reality by attending their fair. Or, if you have something you can give to them to sell, call Paul at 681-2588.

RAPS

OCTOBER 24-25 -- Edward Snyder, director of Friends' Committee on National Legislature, recently spent time in Cambodia, and will give two talks: Oct. 24 -- "Missing Ingredients for Peace in Indo-China.", at Evanston Friends' Meeting House, 1010 Greenleaf Street, Evanston, 3 p.m. Oct. 25 -- "Cambodian Gamble--Who Won?" at Chicago Friends Meeting House, Artesian & 108th Street) 12:30 p.m. For further information call 427-5024.

OCTOBER 24 -- Studs Terkel will speak at the College of Complexes, 105 W. Grand Ave., at 9 p.m. He will discuss his latest book, "Hard Times." For further information call 528-3945.

OCTOBER 28 -- "My Three Years in Wonderland," talk by Dr. Allan Cohen, on the Psychedelic Experience, 1 p.m. Illinois Room in the Union, Chicago Circle Campus.

OCTOBER 29 -- Ramsey Clark will be speaking at Northwestern University, Cahn Auditorium, Sheridan and Emerson, at 8 p.m. Sponsored by Political Forum. Admission \$1.00. For further info. call 492-5300.

CALENDAR

NOVEMBER 6 -- David Schoenbrun will speak on Vietnam at 8 p.m. at the Midland Hotel, 172 W. Adams, Presidential Ballroom. \$2.00. Sponsored by the Communication Industries for Peace and Freedom. Call for advance tickets 332-3282.

MUSIC

OCTOBER 24 -- Leon Russel at the Auditorium Theatre, 8:30 p.m. Tickets from \$6.50 to \$3.50. Tickets available at Theatre Box Office and all Ticketron outlets.

OCTOBER 25 -- 7th Anniversary Folk Music Festival at Christ Methodist Church, 600 Deerfield Road in Deerfield. 3-5 p.m. Music and lights. For more information call Lana Rae at 945-5321.

OCTOBER 27 -- Benefit for Student Mobilization Committee to End the War, Circle Campus Chapter. At Alices' Revisited, 950 Wrightwood, 8-12 p.m. Bands: East-West, and General Store. Admission \$1.00.

NOVEMBER 8 -- Benefit for Radio Free Chicago, at Alices Revisited, 950 Wrightwood, 8 p.m. Wilderness Road and other bands. Films. For further information, call the Seed, 929-0133.

NOVEMBER 22 -- Benefit for the Chicago Indian Village Young Warriors of the Rainbow, at Alices' 950 Wrightwood. 6 p.m. to midnight. Entertainment, food, door prizes, arts and crafts. \$1.00 in advance. \$1.50 at door. For tickets and further info. call Barb at 528-1673 or Marilyn at 955-2831).

ALICES REVISITED --950 Wrightwood, has programs of its own, as well as housing benefits for various groups. Thursdays at 8:30 come and hear the Gene Shaw Jazz Band and check out other performances by calling 528-4250.

CHICAGO BLUES SCENE:

After years of oppression, some of the people who frequent the following clubs may be overly prone to making value judgements based solely on skin color. Palefaces should proceed with caution. --ed.

Turners 39th & Indiana
Peppers 43rd & Vincennes
Theresa's 48th & Indiana
Riviera Lake & Kedzie
Williams Lounge 4223 W. Madison
Garfield Lounge Madison & Homan
Don's Cedar Club Milwaukee & Division

WEST SIDE SOUL

L & A 1422 S. Pulaski
Walton's Corner S. Roosevelt & Washtenaw
Club Alex 1815 W. Roosevelt
Sportsman's Roosevelt & Kedzie
Big Dukes 2500 W. Roosevelt
Cinderella 59th & Halsted

THEATER

HARPER COURT MULTI--MEDIA THEATRE, Harper Galleries, 5210 So. Harper. Mondays: "The White Whore and the Bit Player" by Tom Ewen. Tues: "Krapp's Last Tape," by Samuel Beckett. Weds: Folk singer Barbara Bollmann. Thurs: Group Encounter. Fri: Playlets concerning the human condition by Feiffer, Rechy, etc. \$.50-.75. At 7:30. Call George Val for more information, MU 4-1173.

SECOND CITY, 1616 N. Wells presents "Cooler Near the Lake Tues. thru Thurs. at 9 p.m. Fri. and Sat. 8:30 and 11. Sun. at 9. Tickets \$2.95 and \$3.95. Improvisations are free and follow the evening performances every day but Friday. For reservations call 337-3992.

THE ORGANIC THEATRE, 2259 N. Lincoln, presents "The Tarot Cards." (Information on schedule as given in the review of this play in our last issue was incorrect. Correct info. is as follows) Wed.-Fri. at 8:30. tickets \$2.50. Sat. at 10:30. Tickets \$3.00. Student rate \$1.50. For reservations call 525-9893.

LOOP CITY COLLEGE, 64 E. Lake St. presents "Star Spangled Girl" on Oct. 30, 31 at 8:30. Nov. 3, 4, 5, at 6:30. Nov. 6, 7 at 8:30.

KINGSTON MINES THEATRE, 2356 N. Lincoln, presents "Gargoyle Cartoons" by Michael McClure. Wed.-Sun. at 8:30. Tickets \$2.00. Sat. \$2.50. For reservations call 525-9893.

CHICAGO FREE THEATRE presents "The Civil War" by William Russo, at The Body Politic, 2259 N. Lincoln Avenue. Sundays in Oct. at 7 a.m. and 9 p.m. Admission FREE.

NEW TRIER HIGH SCHOOL WEST Potpourri, writing, acting, directing by students. Oct. 21 and 22 at 7:30. Oct. 23 at 8:00, Oct. 24 at 7:00. Tickets \$2.00. Proceeds go to scholarships for needy students. Get tickets by writing New Trier West, 7 Happ Road, Northfield, Illinois.

GOODMAN STUDIO THEATRE COMPANY, 200 S. Columbus Drive. Octo. 17-24 "The Amorous Flea" by Moliere. Mon.-Thurs. and Sun. at 7:30. Fri. and Sat. at 8:30. \$1.50 and \$1.25. For reservations call CE 6-7080.

PLAYHOUSE THEATRE, 315 W. North Ave., presents "The Maids" by Jean Genet. Fri. at 8:30; Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun. at 7:30. Tickets \$3.00 and \$2.00. For reservations call 751-9643.

FLICKS

OCTOBER 25 Charlie Chaplin in "The Great Dictator" At the Three Penny Cinema, 2424 N. Lincoln. 2 p.m. Benefit for the Chicago Peace Council. Tickets \$2.00. Don't miss this anti-facist classic. Call 922-6578 for advance tickets.

ART

Photographs - "A Show of Hands (and other democracies)" by Susan Barron, will be displayed until October 25 in the Art Lounge, Chicago Illini Union, 828 S. Wolcott Ave.

Museum of Contemporary Art, 237 E. Ontario, presents an Exhibition of sculpture and graphics by Robert Rauschenberg. Beginning Oct. 31.

CONTINUING

KOFFEE HOUSE, Mont Clare & Foster, near Harlem Ave., St. Monica's School Hall, Sunday only, 7 p.m. \$.50 18 years and up.

THE SHED, 1020 Bryn Maur (5600 North) Coffeehouse with rap sessions, entertainment, Thurs, Fri. 8-12. \$.25 admission.

The New Quiet Knight, 953 W. Belmont, features good music, drinks, food, soft drinks, coffee...ample parking nearby. Tues. is blues night. Call 348-9509 for further information.

THE NEW PRODUCT LINE coffeehouse in Arlington Hts. is open Fri. 8-12. Live entertainment and recreation at 500 E. Miror. Call 255-8850 for more information.

ZODIAC, 2938 W. 63rd St., Chicago near Marquette Park. Coffeehouse with music, drama, every weekend. Donation of \$.50 if you have it. For information call 776-0130.

THE BARBAROSSA, 1117 N. Dearborn features fine folk music, drinks, etc. Fri. and Sat. at 10:30 & 12:30. Call 528-7464 for further information.

THE EARL OF OLD TOWN features live folk music nightly, 1615 N. Wells. 9-4a.m.

If you have anything you want printed in the Calendar, just send it in, it's free. Send to Calendar, Seed, 950 W. Wrightwood, or call 929-0133.

THE BLUE GARGOYLE, 5655 S. University in Hyde Park holds Hoot and Rap sessions. Call 955-5826 for more information on programs.

KINGSTON MIMES CO. STORE, 2356 Lincoln, good food, open 3 p.m. -- 3 a.m. Mon.-Thurs. Fri.-Sun. all night. On Tues. features improvisational theatre. Weds. movies, weekends folk jam sessions.

SATURDAY'S CHILD COFFEEHOUSE, 212 Lincoln, Porter, Ind. (get off Ind. Toll Road at Chesterton) Fri. & Sat. 8 - 12 p.m. Open stage Friday continuous entertainment and food. \$1.25.

THE UNIVERSAL LIFE CHURCH COFFEEHOUSE 1049 W. Polk, gets it on nightly. Sounds weekends.

IT'S HERE COFFEEHOUSE, 6455 N. Sheridan features folk singers & satirists. Fri.-Sun. Doors open at 7:30, shows at 8 & 10:30, \$2.50 per person. \$.75 minimum. Call SH 3-9781 for further information.

GARDEN OF OLIVE, 1555 W. Devon (6300 North). Free coffee, tea, raps. Tues. night features lectures (informative not bullshit on drugs by George Peters Open 6:30 to midnight. Phone 465-9474 for further information.

ANTIGONE COFFEEHOUSE, 419 Lincolnway (basement of teen center, entrance in ally), LaPorte, Indiana. Sat. 8-12 p.m. Folk music, improvisation, and food. Admission \$.75.

ABRAXAS COFFEEHOUSE, 1315 W. Loyola Ave. is open most nights at 8 p.m. and features drink, conversation, music, poetry art, etc. Phone 743-9565.

THE OTHER DOOR Coffee House, 3124 Broadway, is open daily 7 p.m. to 2 a.m. Weds. at 9 p.m. Fridays open discussions, poetry readings, and free music.

SPECIAL

REVOLUTIONARY MARXISM political education classes are being held every Tues. & Thurs. at 7:30 p.m. at 1210 W. Wrightwood, 3rd floor. Come and rap about revolutionary alternatives to this fucked up system.

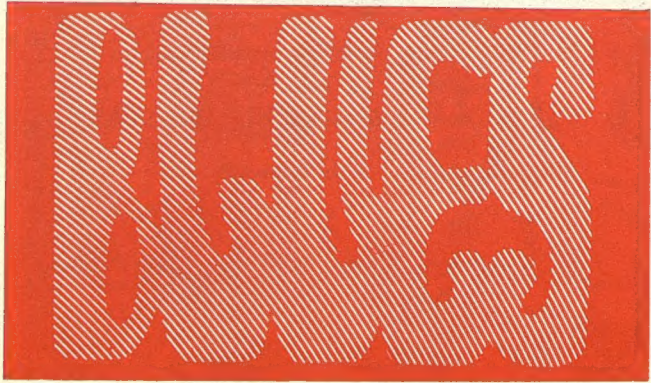
THE PEOPLES SCHOOL, 4409 N. Sheridan, is having liberation classes featuring courses such as philosophy, music, occult, photography, earth class, street medicine, Afro history, creative writing, etc. FREE Mon.-Thurs. For further information call 561-6737.

VALUCHA, the Magic Brazilian, will be teaching guitar at New Trier East in Winnetka Monday nights and at Central YMCA Community College Thursday nights. For further information call Diana at 528-7464 or 372-3120.

FREE UNIVERSITY COURSE ON ALLEN GINSBERG. Every Wed. at 8 p.m. at The Other Cheek Commune, 815 Wrightwood. For info. call 477-9771 and ask for Emily or Mark.

LA DELORES CENTER, 2150 N. Halsted Ave. sponsors community services for women including Women's History Workshops every Thursday at 8 p.m. The Women's Revolutionary Art Co-op meets every Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. Based on the idea that anyone can be an artist, its purpose is to help increase natural artistic ability. For further info. call 935-0324.

Class on Macrame (knotting craft) to be held at Alices, 950 Wrightwood, Tuesday nights from 5 to 6 p.m. Beginning October 27.



SEED: I'm sure you've been asked this question many times, but I think that it is important for people to realize where the feeling or inspiration for your music comes from. Will you give us your definition of what blues is?

JOHN LITTLE JOHN: Yes, I have a definition for what is blues. That's the reason I said that everybody playing the blues don't feel it. They just learn it. But when you ain't got no money, don't know where you goin' to get any, and you're rent is due and your baby's cryin' for food, and you ain't got nothin...you ain't got nothin' but the blues. Even the baby's got the blues, because he's crying. You ain't got nothin to give him and you can't get nothin. That's mostly really down deep in a person. That's one of the worst things could've happened. And that's from where blues in brought about. As well you know, it's just a hurtin' thing.

I have no record in the United States that I ever stole anything or took anything, but it really hurts to see one of these big grocery stores get all that food and you ain't got no money and can't get none. Or somebody got one of these big dry goods stores and you're half naked and can't get no clothes. And you go out there to get a job and let's say they start you off at forty cents an hour.

SEED: WHERE WERE YOU BORN, AND WHEN?

JOHNNY: I was born in 1931, April 16, in a little small place called Lennox, Mississippi. I don't know nothin' about Lennox. Jackson the only place I know anythin' about. That's where I grew up. When I was growing up I went to school and as I say I went to my grandfather's farm. I used to go to house parties. There was a guy grew up with my mother and father named Henry Morgan. He used to play guitar, and I got a chance to hear him. That's the first blues I ever heard in my life, because I did have a better ear when I was a kid than since I was grown.

He was a guy used to sit around and play by himself. He didn't have no band. Nothing. He never went into the record business, but I think he's one of the greatest ever lived. Of course nobody know him but the people grew up around him. I started copying off the fellow cause I didn't know anything else to do. I kept on trying to do my fingers like I seen him do. Finally I kept on and kept on and got a little sound. And evry time I got a sound it wound better and better. But I still didn't come up with a sound like he had. I think that's the way I got started...by listening and watchin', bein' able to hear different things.

SEED: How old were you when you started playin'?

JOHNNY: When I started playin'? Say I was between seven and eight years old. My father won one of them bit old round-holed western guitars in a crap game. I think it was fifty cent, he paid fifty cent for the thing. In other words, he won it. And he brought it home. I used to run all out the house keepin' noise all day and night. From then on I started harin' Lightnin Hopkins, Lonnie Johnson, "Big Boy" Crudup and a lot of other people back there. And I tried to improvise behind them, but I couldn't come up with nothin. So, I still come up with somethin' on my own. It's been that way more and more since I grew up. I been on my box so long that a new song is no problem if I really want to learn it.

SEED: Who are the blues musicians working today that you respect?

JOHNNY: Well, there are some live here in the city I have respect for. I have respect for Howlin Wolf. And I respect Muddy Waters. They two of the oldest out there. And you know I like Jimmy Rogers playing because he's come up with the bunch. I just like the way

he plays. Always did want to play with him, but I only got the chance to meet him back in '58---I think it was '58.

SEED: Do you and Jimmy have any recording plans?

JOHNNY: Yes. We workin' on 45s. I really don't know who we goin to cut it with. Now I'm pretty sure Capitol or Columbia. One of them.

SEED: Is Willy Dixon producing them?

JOHNNY: Yes.

SEED: You haven't mentioned Elmore James. I've heard he was a big influence on you.

JOHNNY: You know, to tell the truth I really hate to go into this beecause the man is dead and can't speak for himself. But Robert Lee Nighthawk was the first man I heard with a slide. I was playing a slide before Elmore James was, but Elmore James got a break before I did and so everybody says I sound like Elmore.

To get his record and mine together---they don't sound alike. There's as much different in my playin' and Elmore's as daylight and dark. And I'm playin' right now like I was playin' before Elmore started to playin slide. Actually, there in Jackson Elmore asked me a lot of things about a slide. Nobody know it. But I mean he's gone, and I wish he was here today so he could be interviewed and tell how it was.

SEED: I have also heard that Muddy was another big influence, but that you tend to stay away from his tunes to avoid comparisons.

JOHNNY: Stay away from his tunes? Well, I don't like to do any the fellows numbers that's livin--or dead either. Because you get used to doin somebody else's numbers, then you don't know anything. Then that's when they start to saying, "Well, you sure do sound like Elmore." or "You sure do sound like Wolf or Muddy Waters." When you get out there and get to doing somethin of your own, you don't be soundin like those fellows. You be soundin like yourself. So the best thing to do is get on something your own. And you can make it. Then somebody says something 'bout you, they can say that sound like Johnny Littlejohn. It don't sound like anybody else.

Every man has to get a style of his own out there to make it. You can sound good to the public, but you ain't gonna get nowhere playin it. That's the reason I try to get as many recordins out as I can.

SEED: When did you start recording?

JOHNNY: My first recordin was in '64. I started with Ben Rogers. He sold out to Ferrell in Greenville, Mississippi. I guess Ferrell got rich; I never did get any thing off it. I think Brook Benton got something out of it. I never did. I had a little old weekend job, wasn't payin much. And I used to take my own money and just push it. Pay the people on the air to play it. That whathe said he was doin, I don't know. I never did take them any money, I always gave it to someone to take down. But I still didn't get anything out of it. But it look like to me that since I have been recordin I really have been walked on. I recorded for Chess, but I guess he put it up on the shelf, and dust on it, and he can't find it. And I recorded for Arhoolie, out in Berkeley, California. So quite a few people got the album. I guess he got it across. I hope everybody gets one of 'em. So that's, from Arhoolie, really when I began to be heard, amongst the white people, you know. Most of the colored people don't like the blues today.

SEED: WHY?

JOHNNY: I don't know. They something they tryin to forget, and they originated it.

SEED: Why haven't you forgotten blues; I've heard from a lot of people—that black people want to forget the blues—because they've seen too damn much shit, and had so many problems. What is it that makes you, and the other blues men, remember rather than trying to forget?

JOHNNY: Well, I can't forget because I know how I was treated when I was a kid. And how I had to hide to come by things. And you never forget the bridge that carried you over—you might try to ignore it—but you never forget the bridge that carried you over. And the things that you had to do to get over. You see, you can't—there's a lot of people try—but you really can't get away from life. Blues, blues is the foundation of all music. I don't care what they got out there or what they're playin. Blues is the foundation of it. For the last five or six years everybody's been out there doin the James Brown, but it goin to play out and be right back down here where they started. So you see, I seen the day comin, before they even started. Those guys will get away form blues for awhile, then come back. But there's one thing I'm glad of, when they caught themselves walkin away from it the white folks started likin it, the kids. So I still played the blues—and if it gets where don't nobody like it, I'm still goin play it, cause I'll never get away from it. It's just something original and it's for real. There's a lot of people don't like to hear the truth. A lot of people don't like to hear the truth, you see, the truth hurt people. Some people. You see, blues tells a story—and it's a true story. And what they call is too much like life—they don't like to hear. So tellin the truth, even if people dislike it—I'm goin to be tellin it the rest of my life.

—LOIS



Greetings:

The first purpose of this letter is to thank you for the article in your last issue about the revolution (or rather the beginnings) at Elmhurst's Wild Goose. It gave a lot of us a real ego trip. In answer to the last part of that same article, we had a counter-culture type coffeehouse in Bensenville last winter until it was closed for lack of funds and because the church where it was held was kicking the pastor out. It really brought all the freaks in this area together. It was run by a bunch of freaks from Addison Trail, most of whom have become one big family. Really! It's so far out. For example, today, in five hours at school they raised \$105 for a girl who needed bail for her boyfriend who'd been busted. One girl sold her coat to get money, and a guy sold all his dope to raise \$25 for her. It was beautiful—we really are all brothers and sisters.

Well, this summer we tried again at the YMCA where they hold the Wild Goose. It was free and brought the old Addison Trail freaks together again, and provided some music to listen to. But it lacked something. It is hard to talk about counter-culture when you're sitting in the middle of an establishment recreation center. Last night we had as many kids there as the Goose at 7:30 (which is about 125), but most of them were climbers from York.

From what I've heard, there are going to be some more coffeehouses in about a month. "Free Yippie!," our only existing underground paper, has been banned by the school administration, and our school's official rag is trying to become "hip" by miming its issues and offering the freaks their own column—"Volunteers"—to do with as we wish. We elected two freaks into student council to try and get something done their way, but so far our council hasn't done anything but contradict itself, just proving the need for change.

We also elected a freak as first attendant for homecoming. She showed up with two escorts dressed in jeans and sports coats. That sort of zapped the Administration. 2/3rds of the political discussion club's steering committee are revolutionaries...so we are working in our small and subtle ways, including ditching classes to smoke and ripping off from the local 7-11 or just rapping outside during lunch.

In closing, I would like to complain about the bum treatment women are getting at Du Page County Jail. A friend of mine just got out from there and says that the men get radio and TV but the chicks don't have anything except a few torn-up books. Also, there is no way for them to get sanitary napkins, and that can be a super-bad

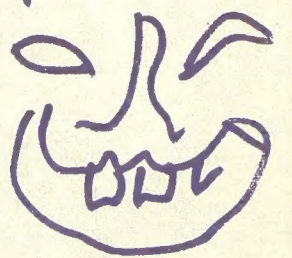
trip!...Got to revolution, got to revolution.

Right on!
Barb F./Elmhurst



This is The printer speaking.
Those silly hippies left out half the feedback page.

Why not use the space to write them a letter!!
Jim, Bob, Ernie



HEPATITIS

Viral Hepatitis is an infection primarily damaging the liver, one of the most important organs in the body. The liver produces proteins, certain Vitamins, and Bile, which breaks-up fatty foods. 'Hep' can cause permanent damage.

You can get Hepatitis from DIRTY NEEDLES OR BEING IN DIRECT CONTACT WITH AN INFECTED PERSON.

The illness takes from 2 to 6 weeks to manifest itself if received from an infected person and 6 weeks to 6 months when obtained from dirty needles.

SYMPTOMS:

LOSS OF APPETITE
NAUSEA OR VOMITING
DEPRESSION AND FATIGUE
ABDOMINAL PAINS
HIGH FEVER (BELOW 103)
DISTASTE FOR SMOKING (ANYTHING)
YELLOWNESS OF EYES AND SKIN.

With 3 or more of these symptoms, along with a history (if known) of exposure to the disease.....SEE YOUR DOCTOR OR GO TO THE EMERGENCY ROOM OF THE NEAREST CLINIC

WEED

Although the Dogs are SNIFFING.... and the Detectors are CLICKING..... THE DOPE STILL COMES THRU...!

MONSTER MEXICAN GOLD
VERY expensive....(180/200lb.)
VERY seedy....(about 2 oz per lb)
VERY MOTHERFUCKING GOOD

JAMACIAN TEA
Righteous count of outtasite shit !
Seedy.....(lrg quantity at \$150 lb)

DOPE



PANAMA RED
Needs no comment...\$250 for 18 lids.

BLACK AFRICAN MOCHA
If you can find it..You have been blessed by gods of Good Dope ..\$30 lid.

ACID

ORANGE MICRODOTS
Stock-up..Pure LSD--\$2.00 hit

WHITE LIGHTING
Genuine 1964"OSLEY=LECTRIC
HAIGHT STREET DOPE...\$3 hit
Small cap (nos. 4 or 5)
Imitations in larger cap ..lower price

GOLD MICRODOTS
Reported pure shit in lrg quantities
%&...\$.65 to \$.75 per hit%+††

RED BLOTTERS
A bit fast "out of the Hole, but VERY VISUAL in the straightaways"

ORANGE MESCALINE
"....For Those Souls Who Dig Herbs
Created By Nature To Enlighten The
Minds Of Men....." \$4.00 per hit.

MIDWEST DOPE DEALERS ASSN
WANTED:.....PSILOCYBIN
DMT (remember that)

THC... this shit is very expensive to make (even for Sandoz labs)
So don't be suprised if your THC turns out to be XYZ.

MDA... different from Horse tranquilizer-----GOOD LUCK +

OPIUM reported to be available in lbs.
\$90....real gummy shit, bubbles when burning
"Be the first vegetable on the Block."

—NICKEL BAG



1942 - 1970